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IRELAND IN 1834.

A

JOURNEY THROUGHOUT IRELAND,

DURING THE

SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN OF 1834.

83906

BY

HENRY D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," "THE CHANNEL ISLANDS," "THE TYROL," &c.

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A JOURNEY

THROUGHOUT IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

The Birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith — Pallas-more — The Village of Auburn, and its Identity — Descriptions and Remembrances—Further Ascent of the Shannon up Loch Ree.

At Ballymahon and its neighbourhood, I was not far from the residence of Miss Edgeworth: but I was compelled to deny myself the pleasure of presenting a letter of introduction to that most talented and estimable lady, as well as to the Earl of Longford, at Castle Pollard, owing to this circumstance, — I was anxious to navigate that second great expansion of the Shannon, above Athlone, called Loch Ree; and there not being

yet, any public steam navigation above Athlone, though such is contemplated, the Inland Steam Navigation Company politely offered me the exclusive use of a steamer to navigate Loch Ree: and only two days now intervened before the day when the steamer was to be put at my disposal: and I trust it will not be considered disrespect towards Miss Edgeworth, if I resolved to devote these two days, to a visit to the reputed birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith; and to the scene of "The Deserted Village."

I know the birthplace of Goldsmith is disputed; but the undeniable evidences in favour of the identity of "Auburn," in this neighbourhood, lead me to adopt the belief universally entertained throughout this county. Pallas-more, the birthplace of Goldsmith, is in the parish of Forghany, county Longford. Sir Walter Scott calls it Fernay; but this is a mistake. The hamlet of Pallas-more lies about three miles from Ballymahon, and about a mile from the high road which leads to Edgworthstown, and the eastern part of the county. I walked up a green lane, and across some fields, and found myself at the hamlet.

Goldsmith's house is not now in existence; there is only to be seen, some small part of the wall of a fence, which seems to have enclosed the orchard. The site of the house, is a little triangular field, overgrown with weeds, and long grass. A few large ash-trees are scattered here and there; and close by, are a few cottages, a little pond, and a very old orchard, with very old pear trees in it, from which, young Oliver most likely was wont to regale himself. From this spot, there is a gentle slope down to some low meadows, through which, flows the river Inny. The country round is a fruitful inclosed country of corn and pasture. Such is the spot, such the scenes, amidst which the infant genius of Goldsmith was nursed; and where he passed his early childhood. But it is supposed, that when his father, who was probably curate of the chapel of ease at Forghany, was promoted to a benefice in Roscommon, Oliver was put to school at Ballymahon, where, upon the death of his father, Mrs. Goldsmith came and resided. Entries are now to be seen in a grocer's books, of articles furnished to Mrs. Goldsmith.

The village of Lishoy, universally known by the name of "Auburn," is situated about three miles from Ballymahon, in the county of Westmeath. I visited it; and spent some most pleasing hours amongst the scenes which Goldsmith has made dear to every lover of poetry, and nature: and I do not entertain the slightest doubt, that the village of Lishoy, is indeed the Auburn of Goldsmith; though it is equally certain, that he has grafted upon its scenery, English pictures of rural things and country life. Here, are still, the remains of "the busy mill;" there, the decent church, still tops the neighbouring hill; here, is the village preacher's "modest mansion," and there, the circle of stones, within which stood "the hawthorn bush."

But, to speak a little more in detail. The scenery I say, fully justifies the belief, that this is the Auburn of Goldsmith. Lishoy was Goldsmith's favourite village; he mentions it often, and always with enthusiasm, in his letters; he passed his early years in it, or in its immediate neighbourhood, and could therefore say, "scenes of my youth." All the scenery of the poem

connects it with this village; for although the perishable has partly perished, yet all is remembered to have been, as Goldsmith painted it. The preacher's mansion, now a roofless and windowless tenement, is known to have been the minister's house; and that minister is known to have been the poet's brother, and to have been not the rector, but the curate, on a small salary (perhaps "40*l.* a-year,"), and moreover, to have been loved and respected. The church,—not in the village, or its immediate neighbourhood, where a church generally is,—but topping "the neighbouring hill," is still seen, as it is described. It is but a few years since the hawthorn bush was in its place; and opposite, "near yonder thorn," stands the alehouse, though not the identical house with the sanded floor, of which Goldsmith speaks. There are many who recollect the schoolhouse; and at some little distance from the village rises a mansion, which belonged to a General Napier, who, some time after the year 1730, is known to have enclosed a domain, and to have ejected the tenantry.

"One only master, grasps the wide domain."

I had nearly omitted to observe, that in the

name of the house where "news much older than the ale went round," there is a strong evidence in favour of the claim of Lishoy. The alehouse is, and always has been called "The Three Pigeons." Now, Goldsmith has shewn, on more than one occasion, great fondness for this name. In his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," Tony says, "I can't stay, I tell you; the Three Pigeons expects me down every moment; there 's some fun going forward;" and then, we have afterwards the song, called "the Three Jolly Pigeons." It is a tradition in this neighbourhood, that between terms at Trinity College, Goldsmith was accustomed to spend his vacation with his brother at Lishoy, and that he used to resort to "the Three Pigeons," where he was looked upon as a prodigy;—all which, is greatly more than probable.

They were hours of most pleasant musing, those which I spent in and about "sweet Auburn." It was a fine sunny evening, and a Sunday—

"The coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play;"

for recollect, it was Sunday in a Catholic country,

of which Goldsmith spoke; and indeed, the pictures which he gives us of "sports," and "pastimes," and "dancing," would not be applicable to an English village on a Sunday evening. Pastimes literally "circled in the shade,"—and literally,

"Up yonder hill, the village murmur rose;"

and it needed but a slender exercise of imagination, to re-create the whole of the living picture which Goldsmith has chiseled upon every memory. There is, however, as about most Irish villages, a deserted look about Auburn; and sedges and weeds, do indeed choke "the glassy brook."

There is no doubt, however, that Goldsmith has grafted English life upon Irish scenery; and that rural life in an English village, and some pictures exclusively English, have been transplanted to Lishoy. "The nicely sanded floor," and "varnished clock," and "hearth," "with flowers and fennel gay," little resemble the Irish village alehouse; with its mud floor, and turf fire. Indeed, an alehouse has no existence in Ireland, since ale is not the beverage of the people. The honest rustic, too, running after "the good man," the

Protestant minister,—is not an Irish picture: nor, alas! did it ever happen in Ireland, that

"Health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain."

But notwithstanding these discrepances, which are easily accounted for, from the desire which Goldsmith must have felt, to recommend his poem to the English reader, by presenting him with pictures which he could recognize, Lishoy is unquestionably "sweet Auburn;" and Goldsmith took all his pictures of still life, and some others besides, from his favourite village,—of which he says, in one of his letters, "If I go to the opera, where Signora Colomba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and *Johnny Armstrong's* "last good night," from Peggy Golden; or, if I climb up Hampstead hill, I confess it is fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there, take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature."

I cannot conclude this brief notice of Auburn, without expressing my obligations to Mr. Hogan of Auburn-house, whose readiness to communicate information, I gratefully acknowledge; and in

whose respect for the memory of Goldsmith, I may perhaps be permitted to participate.

I returned to Athlone, true to my engagement: and next morning, at an early hour, I stepped on board the steam vessel, so politely furnished to me by the company. The navigation of the Shannon, above and below Athlone, is connected by a canal; which is necessary, on account of the rapids below the bridge of Athlone, which interrupt the river navigation. The canals connecting the Shannon navigation, are extremely defective in every respect; their depth is generally so deficient, as, at certain times, greatly to impede navigation; and little or no attention is paid to them. They are not any way under the management of the Inland Navigation Company.

From Athlone, to the point where the river expansion begins, the distance is about two miles. The banks are productive and cultivated, as might be expected in the neighbourhood of such a town as Athlone; but are not abounding in houses of any description. On entering Loch Ree, several islands present themselves,—one of them only, Carberry island,—partially wooded. Loch

Ree presents a finer expanse of water than Loch Derg; because, although there are some long lateral reaches and innumerable bays, the great body of the loch is in a straight line; and the farthest extremity may almost be seen, on first entering it. The course I chose, was first to the promontory of St. John's, about half-way up the lake, on the Roscommon or Connaught side. Immediately after clearing the islands which lie at the entrance, a finely wooded bay and mansion, with an adjoining promontory, present themselves. Far to the right, are seen Killynure bay; and the island called Hare island, thickly wooded, and esteemed the most beautiful on the loch. From the bay and promontory I have mentioned, we coasted up the lake, passing successively, islands, bays, and promontories; with hamlets here and there, and a few gentlemen's houses,—one particularly, called Newpark, striking both from its situation, and from the fine woods that surround it.

Nothing could be more different than the weather this day, and on the day when I navigated Loch Derg. This day it was calm, sunshiny, and warm. Scarcely a ripple was on the surface; and

all the promontories and islands looked down upon their counterparts beneath the water. I regret to say, that not one prow clove the waters of the loch, but my own. In place of being in the very heart of a fruitful and civilized country, we might have been navigating a lake in the interior of New Holland.

St. John's bay and promontory, are striking and interesting; and being desirous of landing, we came to anchorage in a small deep cove, just round the headland. I found on shore, the extensive ruins of a castle, and of some other buildings; and lingered a considerable while, in admiration of the beautiful banks on the opposite side of the narrow bay, and of the perfect noon-tide repose, which dwelt upon land and water.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I returned to the vessel; and the paddles were soon in motion. This is the narrowest part of Loch Ree; it is here, not much beyond an English mile in breadth; but a little higher, it again expands, though not to the same extent as lower down, and again contracts into little more than wide river breadth, several miles before reaching Lanesbro'. The only point

of interest higher up than St. John's, is Quaker's island,—an island of considerable extent, tolerably well wooded with trees of large growth; and containing ruins of what are called Seven Churches. Three only of these, however, are visible: one ruin is situated about the middle of the island, on open ground; and another, is almost concealed in the wood. As ruins, these remains possess no particular interest.

In returning, we kept towards the opposite coast, and passed between Nun's island, and the two large islands, called Inchturk and Inchmore. Nun's island, which lies nearly in the centre of the lake, is partly under tillage; and Inchmore is a fine, well cultivated island, with a good house upon it. We now steered for Hare island, and soon anchored off the little quay which has been constructed there. I spent an hour or two very agreeably on Hare island; which, I think, will bear a comparison with most of the islands on Killarney. The island is the property of the Earl of Castlemain, who has erected a lodge upon it, in which his lordship occasionally spends a month or two. The island is charmingly diversified with corn-fields, pasture,

and wood; but wood covers the greater part of it; and in walking through, and round the island, one lights upon many such sylvan vistas, as remind one of the pencil of Hobbima. There are some beech trees of enormous growth on Hare island, quite equal to any of the timber that grows on Innisfallen. After leaving Hare island, I partook of an excellent repast, which (unknown to me) had been prepared on board; and I returned to Athlone, highly delighted with the many attractions of this noble expansion of the upper Shannon, and most grateful to the public-spirited company, to whose kindness and liberality I had been indebted, for the means of gratifying my curiosity.

Loch Ree is very little inferior, in extent, to Lock Derg. The latter is twenty-three miles in length, from Killaloe to Portumna; the former extends twenty-one miles, from Athlone to Lanesbro'. The average breadth of Loch Derg, is probably greater than that of Loch Ree; but at one part, Loch Ree is wider than any part of Loch Derg. In depth, Loch Ree varies more than Loch Derg. From the Athlone end, to St. John's, the depth varies from thirty to fifty feet.

Beyond St. John's, up to Lanesbro', it is shallower, varying from ten feet to thirty and upwards. At the bridge of Lanesbro', there are ten and eleven feet of water. In some parts of the Loch, the depth is very great. Near to Hare island, there are 108 feet of water. Loch Ree is the last great expansion of the Shannon. Higher up, are Loch Forbes, Loch Boffin, and Loch Bodarrig, with other smaller expansions. All of these are of sufficient depth for every purpose of navigation; and the whole course of the river is navigable up to Drumsna, Jamestown, Carrick, and Leitrim, which stands *two hundred and fourteen miles from the mouth of the river.* At Athlone, I took leave of the Shannon,—afterwards, however, to return to it at Carrick, at a later stage of my journey.

CHAPTER II.

Journey to Galway — Balinasloe — Lord Clancarty — Land, Landlords, Farmers, Rents, and Labourers—Middle-men—A Moderate Party wanted—Country between Balinasloe and Galway—Galway—Its Resemblances to Spanish Towns—Streets, Houses, and Improvements—The People of Galway—Improvidence of the Upper Classes, and its Results—The Colony of Fishermen, and its Peculiarities—Schools and Nunneries of Galway—Friars—Low State of Literature—Emigration—Trade of Galway—Its advancing Prosperity.

THE direction of my journey now changed. I had now Connaught and Cunnemara before me; and accordingly, I left Athlone the day following my excursion on Loch Ree, and took the road to Galway; but purposing to halt one day at Balinasloe.

The road between Athlone and Balinasloe, is not an interesting one. The country is flat; and being now in Connaught, much timber was not to be looked for. The contrast between Athlone and

Balinasloe, struck me forcibly. Balinasloe is a remarkably neat, clean-looking town; and one perceives at a glance, that it is not left to chance; that there is a fostering hand over it; that some one who is able to serve it, feels an interest in it: in short, that there is a resident, and public-spirited proprietor. Lord Clancarty is the owner of Balinasloe: and every kind of improvement finds encouragement at his hands. No stimulus to improvement is more effectual than the practice of Lord Clancarty in granting leases for ever, on condition of good houses being built.

Everybody has heard of the fair of Balinasloe. It is the greatest fair in Ireland, and has an extensive influence upon prices throughout all the markets of the kingdom. As many as 20,000 head of black cattle, and 90,000 sheep, have often been sold at the fair of Balinasloe. There is not otherwise much trade in Balinasloe, with the exception of a considerable export of oats. The trade of Balinasloe, however, might be greatly benefited by improving the water communication with the Shannon. It is well ascertained that the river Suck might easily be made navigable; and this

ought indeed to have been the object, in place of constructing the present canal, which, like most of the other canals in Ireland, is too shallow; and the navigation of which, is burdened besides, with heavy tolls.

I found great want of employment at Balinasloe; eight-pence without diet, was the highest rate of wages; and many laboured for six-pence; but even at this low rate, full employment was not to be had. A gentleman, with whom I was accidentally in company, offered to procure on an hour's warning, a couple of hundred labourers at four-pence, even for temporary employment.

I was happy to find the character of the landlords about Balinasloe unexceptionable. Lord Clancarty sets an equitable value on such lands as are to be let, and will not let the land at a higher rent, though competition might raise it to double the value put upon it: and he is besides, one of those landlords, who make a distinction between improving and unimproving tenants, giving to the former every encouragement that an industrious man could desire. I believe I am fully warranted from personal observation and inquiry, in saying,

that if any man, holding a fair portion of land under Lord Clancarty, be in poor circumstances, it is his own fault. A considerable part of Lord Clancarty's estates in this neighbourhood, is held under middle-men; and the occupying tenants are not generally in comfortable circumstances. Con-acre prevails pretty extensively in the neighbourhood of Balinasloe; and the average rent paid, may be stated at 10*l.* per acre.

I was pleased with Balinasloe and its neighbourhood. The streets are wide and clean, and the houses respectable. The green, where the fair is held, is in the outskirts of the town; and, both in situation and extent, is well adapted to its purpose. I was sorry to find the town stocked with military and police: there had been some recent outrages in the neighbourhood; and an encampment of troops from Athlone had been formed. These outrages, and all the outrages that occurred in any part of Ireland where I chanced to be, were purely agrarian, or the offspring of private faction, and had no connexion whatever with politics. It cannot, however, admit of the smallest doubt, that throughout Ireland, there is amongst the great

body of the peasantry, a feeling extremely hostile to England and English connexion. The sore feelings of a conquered people, yet cling to the descendants of the conquered; there is a hankering after what they deem their rightful possessions; and an indistinct notion, that one day or other, they will have their rights. I have been assured by many in Ireland, that not only do these feelings exist, but that a determination exists also: and that a fitting time only is waited for, in order to shew it. I candidly confess, I have no belief in this; and I know, that I have found nothing in Ireland to encourage the belief, beyond the assertions of individuals, who appeared to me, to be possessed of no exclusive information, or extraordinary lights upon the subject.

Amongst the many opinions which I heard in Ireland, connected with the condition of the country, I heard one expressed in Balinasloe, which had, at all events, the merit of novelty. It was, that all the evils of Ireland were owing to the system, now gaining ground among landlords, of getting rid of middle-men. That respectable middle-men, who are, in fact, resident yeomen, are useful in a neighbourhood, cannot be doubted: but I feel myself

well entitled to assert, that it was a happy hour for Ireland, when landlords first began to perceive that their own interests were concerned, in ridding their estates of middle-men. John, who holds a hundred acres under my lord, may be a most respectable man; and if he sub-let his land to James, Andrew, and Thomas, without giving them the power to sub-let farther, he would be a useful resident yeoman. But then, there is no end to the system, when a landowner lets the property slip out of his own hands. James, Andrew, and Thomas also aspire to be middle-men; and each lets his thirty acres out in three more portions of ten acres each, at a greatly higher rent than they pay to John. Their tenants, again, find, that owing to the competition for land, more can be got by letting their ten acres, in half-a-dozen portions, than by tilling their own acres; and thus the estate of one hundred acres is held by no fewer than fifty-four occupying tenants, under thirteen middle-men, in four distinct classes, each of which must live out of the excess of rent paid by those under them, beyond what *they* pay to those immediately above them; while the real produce of the land is insufficient to maintain the tillers of it.

I found, about Balinasloe, a considerable sprinkling of men of moderate views, and I am happy to think that this party is on the increase. Ireland stands in need of a moderate party—a party that equally reprobates the extreme views of high Catholic and high Conservative. By a moderate party, I do not mean men who would advocate an imbecile, wavering, and timorous policy; but men who, along with the advocacy of healing measures, would, at the same time, uphold the necessity for an energetic and vigorous enforcement of the law; and who would, above all, reprobate any preference of one party over another.

I now left Balinasloe for Galway, and passed through an uninteresting country—flat, bare, ill-cultivated, and poor: hedges had now given place to stone walls, which do not improve the appearance of a country; the cabins, by the way-side, were as bad as any I had seen; and the inmates apparently as wretched. The only place of the smallest interest, on the road, is the town of Lochree, which contains a ruined abbey, of the early part of the fourteenth century; and which is not altogether unworthy of a visit.

Galway, the capital of the wild West, is a large, and, on many accounts, an extremely interesting town. I had heard that I should find some traces of its Spanish origin; but I was not prepared to find so much to remind me of that land of romance. At every second step I saw something to recal Spain to my recollection. I found the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga; the arched gateways, with the outer and inner railing, and the court within,—needing only the fountain, and flower vases, to emulate Seville. I found the sculptured gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carried the imagination to the Moorish cities of Granada and Valencia. I even found the little sliding wicket, for observation, in one or two doors, reminding one of the secrecy, mystery, and caution observed, where gallantry and superstition divide life between them. Besides these Spanish resemblances, Galway has a more Popish aspect than any other Irish town. It contains friars, as well as priests; in the Catholic chapels devotees are found at all hours of the day; and, in the burying-ground, are seen, in hundreds, those little black crosses which distinguish all the continental burying-grounds.

There are many good streets in Galway, and excellent, if not splendid houses; and, with the exception of Cork and Limerick, it had more the air of a place of importance than any other town I had seen, though less of bustle than Clonmel, or perhaps, even than Tralee. In population, Galway ranks, at present, the fifth town in Ireland, coming immediately after Belfast. It contains about 34,000 inhabitants. I found an extensive dock, now in course of being constructed, which, it is expected, will have a very favourable effect, when completed, upon the prosperity of the town. Several hundred labourers find employment on the work, at ten-pence per day; but the work cannot proceed during rain; and, in this uncertain climate, as at Tralee, on the ship canal, it too often happens that the workmen are dismissed, with a pittance, after working half a day.

The population of Galway, and its neighbourhood, has a picturesque appearance when congregated. The windows of the hotel (the only one in Galway) faced the market-place; and I could not help fancying the surprise which an Englishman would feel, if, without the intermediate journey, he

could be at once placed in the window of the hotel of Galway. The whole female population—congregated in hundreds—wore red jackets and red petticoats; and not a single pair of shoes and stockings were to be seen throughout the market-place. Boys, with scarcely any covering at all, except a waistcoat, and a shirt, hanging in stripes behind and before, were exercising their various juvenile propensities; and, in every few pence laid out on potatos (for potatos were the only commodity at market), there were so many gestures, so much loud talking, and, apparently, such threatening attitudes, that one expected, every moment, to see the market-place converted into a battle field. Most of the laborious work was performed by the women. They appeared to think nothing of whipping up a sack of potatos, weighing eighteen stone, and trudging away, under the load, as if it were noway inconvenient.

The same contrasts are exhibited here, as elsewhere in Ireland, between the upper and lower classes; and I fear the line of separation is not entirely confined to externals. I had an opportunity of conversing with many landowners here

and in the neighbourhood; and I regretted to find among them so little sympathy with the condition of the poor. I also found amongst them generally, the greatest terror of any legislative provision for the poor. One great cause of this, and of the oppression of landlords throughout the west of Ireland, is the improvidence of the upper classes. So many of them are distressed men, that their own necessities force them to be hard on tenants, and prompt them to grasp at the highest rent offered. Thus, every class which lives by land, becomes necessitous: improvements,—where every shilling is wanted by the farmer to pay his rent, and by the landlord, to keep his head above water, are impossible: and the labour market being over-stocked, the necessities of the poor are taken advantage of; and the services of the labourer (who frequently works fourteen hours a day), are paid at the rate of sixpence, and even of five-pence,—which, during a part of the time I was in Ireland, scarcely sufficed to purchase one stone of potatos.

The fishermen of Galway form a large portion of the population; but are, in fact, a distinct people. They inhabit that part of the shore which lies on

the right of the harbour, apart from the town, and which is called the Claddagh, and were formerly ruled by a mayor, and by laws exclusively their own. This usage, however, has been some time discontinued; though they still are governed in all matters regarding fishing, by their own by-laws; and are still an interesting and a peculiar people. I spent the greater part of a day in the Claddagh; and found much to interest me. The Claddagh is quite a distinct town: it contains innumerable streets, lanes, rows, and squares, all of cabins, forming altogether a compact and large village. About 1700 fishermen reside here; and these, with their wives and families, which are generally very numerous, must form a population little short of 6000. The boats, great and small, employed in the fishery, exceed a thousand; but in this number, they reckon the bays of Cunnemara, as far as the Killeries. The manner in which fishing labour is paid, is by a share of the take of fish; *i. e.*, the owner of the boat shares (though not equally) the quantity of fish taken, amongst those whose services he engages.

This fishing colony is on the increase. I noticed

a great number of new cabins; and I was informed that there has been a corresponding increase in the number of boats.

This is an industrious people. I went into, and looked into hundreds of cabins; and there was scarcely one, in which I did not see the females busily engaged in spinning,—making or mending nets. These they make not only for use, but for sale. The profit, however, is small. To spin and make a net, requires from eight to ten days; the price of the material is 4*s*., and it sells for 5*s*.; so that it is hard work to make a shilling a week by this trade.

I found the cabins in this colony, very far superior to those of any country labourers I had seen. An air of decency was visible about them all. I saw none without chairs and bedsteads, and a respectable display of crockery; and I may conclude, both from observation and inquiry, that there is not generally any lack of potatos and fish among the inhabitants. The fish chiefly taken on this fishery, are herring, cod, haddock, and brem.

The people of the Claddagh are perfect exclusives. They live entirely among themselves,—

seldom leave the Claddagh, unless merely to take their fish to market; hold no intercourse with the townspeople; and marry entirely among each other. The *tocher* brought by a girl on her marriage, is generally a share of a boat.

Education is at a very low ebb in this colony. The Claddagh contains no school; and it is next to impossible, to prevail with the fishermen to send their children to schools in town; and the active life of a fisherman begins at such early years, that even if there were greater facilities for education, but little progress could be made in it.

The winter fishery of Galway supplies a great part of the country; and the trade of fish-huckster is an extensive one. The fishermen have other means of making money than by their fisheries. When their boats are not employed in fishing, they employ them in the conveyance of sea-weed and turf, to and from their own and the more distant bays of Connaught. Boat-building is also a trade with them, not for their own use only, but for sale.

In the town of Galway are several extensive schools,—two of them receiving aid from the new education board. One of these belongs to the monk

schools: the other, is under the care of the sisters of the Presentation Nunnery: and in each of them, about 500 children are educated. In many respects, I found reason to be pleased with these schools: there appeared to be no want of attention on the part of the instructors; the pupils seemed to have profited by their instructions in reading and writing; and one humane regulation particularly pleased me;—a plentiful breakfast of stir-about and treacle is provided for the poor children, before they enter upon their daily tasks. At the same time, I cannot think the funds of the education board are legitimately applied in supporting the nunnery and monk schools. I understood the principle of the board to be, that there was to be no preference of one religion over another; and that the schools were to be so constituted, that Protestant and Catholic might be able to join conscientiously in their support. But here, in this nunnery school at Galway, are all the paraphernalia of Popery: the building is a convent; the teachers are nuns, with beads and rosaries; the chapel has all the accompaniments and distinguishing marks of Catholic chapels of the most Catholic countries;

and it does appear to me utterly impossible, that Protestants should countenance schools of this description.

Galway contains several nunneries,—two of them very large establishments; and there are also three friaries. The mention of this word, suggests to me, an observation of some importance, connected with the question as to the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy by government. It appears to me to admit of no doubt, that if, by way of disarming the Roman Catholic clergy, government were to adopt some proposition of the kind once submitted in parliament, it would be absolutely necessary to act up to the letter of that provision in the Emancipation Bill, by which the settlement of friars is prohibited. Otherwise, whatever influence the Roman Catholic clergy lost, would be but transferred to the friars, and nothing would be gained by the measure. Indeed, in many parts, this transference of influence has already partly taken place. Friars, wherever they establish themselves, are in high favour; and applying to Ireland the observation and experience I have had in other Catholic countries, I would say, that the secular

clergy have no chance, in a competition for public favour with the stricter body.

The Catholic and Protestant population of Galway, live together amicably enough. This is most commonly observed, where there is a great preponderance on either side. In Galway, the Protestant population is scarcely one in a hundred.

Galway is much resorted to for sea-bathing; and along the bay, towards the west, a great many houses have been built for the accommodation of strangers. The situation has nothing to recommend it but the sea; for the country round Galway, and particularly on the west side, is as ugly as flatness, sterility, and want of wood can make it.

Literature is at a very low ebb in Galway. No regular bookseller's shop is to be found in this town, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants; there are shops, indeed, where books may be ordered, and where some books may be purchased; but the demand is not sufficient to support a shop which sells books solely. I need scarcely say, that the town contains no public or circulating library; and I could not learn, that either

in the town, or in its neighbourhood, any private book society existed.

It is a mistake to suppose, that it is only from the Protestant parts of Ireland, that emigration flows. From Galway and its neighbourhood, emigration is extensive, and is at present on the increase. During the early part of the summer of 1834, upwards of 500 had emigrated; and this was a larger number than had been known to emigrate during the whole of any preceding year. An emigrant ship, with seventy passengers, left the port for America, while I was in Galway. I spoke to a considerable number of the emigrants. They were mostly agricultural labourers, possessed of but very little beyond their passage money. A few artizans also, were amongst the number; and I spoke to one small farmer, who had a purse of 30*l.*, and who was emigrating with his wife and family. I found no Protestant amongst those with whom I conversed.

Galway enjoys a considerable export trade, chiefly in wheat, oats, and flour. This trade has trebled within the last fifteen years; and there has been a corresponding increase in the buildings

required for the export trade, such as corn stores, and corn mills, many of which are very extensive. From 1st September, 1833, to 25th July, 1834, 6018 tons of wheat were exported, chiefly to Liverpool; 7212 tons of oats, chiefly to London; 1554 tons of flour; 406 tons of barley; and 50 tons of oatmeal. The only manufactures of Galway, are distilleries and breweries, and one paper mill.

Galway may be considered an improving town; and there is every probability of a still farther improvement: much is anticipated from the completion of the dock; and it is also in contemplation to cut a canal from Galway to Loch Corrib, by which an extensive interior district would be laid open to the export trade of Galway. Besides its export trade, Galway possesses a considerable general trade in timber, iron, &c. The retail trade too, is excellent of necessity; for east of Galway, there is no town of any importance, nearer than Athlone; and to the west, Galway commands the whole of Cunnemara, as well as the country northward, which lies towards Castlebar and Westport.

I inquired the prices of provisions before leaving Galway. Mutton was 6*d.* per lb.; beef, 5*d.*; lamb, 4*s.* the quarter; pork, 2*d.* per lb. A turkey, 2*s.*; a goose, 2*s.*; a couple of good fowls, 1*s.*; eggs, 4*d.* per dozen; butter, 1*s.* per lb.; a good cod fish, 1*s.* 6*d.* Potatos, 3½*d.* per stone. The wages of a man servant, are about 10*l.*; and of a female servant, half that sum.

CHAPTER III.

CUNNEMARÁ.

Journey through Cunnemara—Ouchterard, and Loch Corrib—Mr. Martin's Gate-house—Inland Navigation—Condition of the People—From Ouchterard to Ma'am—Chain of Lakes—Cabins, and Deceptive Appearances—Scenery—Heath—Ma'am and its Neighbourhood—A Surprise—State of the Mountaineers—Ascent of the Mountains—A Visit to a Pattern—Scenery and Pictures—Sketch of what a Pattern is—A Fight, and its Results—A few words on Irish Fighting—Excursion to Cong, and Loch Mask.

I was now about to leave for a while, the more civilized part of Ireland behind me; and to travel through Cunnemara and Joyce's country, those districts which are the least visited; but of whose natural attractions, I had heard all that could render the anticipation of my journey agreeable. And I resolved now for a little while, to disencumber myself of all those things, which, from experience, I know to be drawbacks upon the

enjoyment of a journey like this; and which impede the free exercise of a man's will,—be they carriage, or horse, or baggage, or any thing, that when a man wishes to do this, or that, forces his attention, and claims to be considered. With only such incumbrance then, as may suit a pedestrian, I took the road to Ouchterard.

There is nothing very inviting to the traveller, in leaving Galway. I found a flat, uninteresting country on all sides; and the first view which one obtains of Loch Corrib, does not impress one with very high notions of its beauty. It was a coldish blowy day however, when nothing looks well; and as Loch Corrib, at least the lower part of it, is not in Cunnemara, and as besides, I had never heard any very high character of it, I was not disappointed. The upper part of Loch Corrib, however, is greatly superior to the lower part; though nowhere on its banks, can the scenery be said to be striking, or fine.

Five or six miles from Galway, I found myself leaving the flat country, and getting amongst hills; low however, and with no character but that of bleakness. These hills extend on the left, as far

as the sea bays, and are entirely uncultivated and uninhabited, unless at particular seasons, when cattle from the lower grounds are sent there to graze, under the charge of herds, who make their temporary homes among the hills.

After an agreeable, though not a highly interesting walk, I reached Ouchterard early in the afternoon, and there had the first experience of a Cunnemara inn; though indeed, Ouchterard is not properly in Cunnemara, but only on the confines of it. The inn was much the same, as may be met with in the remoter parts of Scotland, where ham, and eggs, oat cake, butter, and whiskey, form the staple of one's dinner. At Ouchterard, however, as in many other parts of Ireland, I was indebted more to private hospitality, than to the inn larder.

The situation of Ouchterard is agreeable. It is a straggling little village, part of it straggling as far as the loch; and with one of the prettiest, and most limpid streams in the world, dancing through it. Just above the village, there is a succession of very pretty rapids, almost cascades; and on a beautiful green bank, at the foot of them,

stands a pretty cottage, the property of Mr. Martin of Galway, as he and his predecessors have long been generally called. This house, Mr. Martin calls his gate-house; and it is not inaptly named; for the road from this spot, passes, with very little interruption, through his estate, to his house at Ballinahinch—a distance of twenty-six Irish miles. The parish of Ouchterard, is thirty-three miles long, and nearly fourteen broad, and contains about 9000 inhabitants, of whom from thirty to forty are Protestants.

The banks of Loch Corrib, at Ouchterard, are cultivated, pretty well wooded, but rather tame and uninteresting. The lake, however, is a noble expanse of water, and cannot be even glanced at on a map, without awakening reflections as to the important results which may be anticipated from its proposed connexion with the bay of Galway, as a means of improving the vast tract of country adjoining its banks. The lough extends over a surface of no less than 30,000 acres; it embraces a coast of fifty miles in extent; it is only thirteen feet above the level of Galway bay; and contains islands, whose superficies is a thousand acres.

The people in the immediate neighbourhood of Ouchterard, are poorly circumstanced. Most of them are very small holders of land, not taken by the acre, but in the lump; and for which they pay from 4*l.* to 8*l.* rent; and grow on it, potatos and oats. Those who are able to keep cows, are comparatively comfortable; but it is not until we penetrate farther into Cunnemara, that cows are pretty universally kept. Many were so miserably off when I visited Ouchterard, that the parish priest had been obliged to become security for the price of a little meal, to prevent them from starving. I have already mentioned the distressed condition of the landlords, as one cause of the poor condition of the lower orders: but I ought to have added, that in very many cases, landlords have no power of being kind or otherwise, and no control over their own property, the management of which, is vested in persons acting under legal authority. Such individuals *must* have rents; crops are seized, cows driven, and all the results of improvidence amongst the upper classes, are visited upon every link in the chain of agriculturists.

The quantity of bog-land about Ouchterard, is considerable; but there are great facilities for its improvement. I saw excellent crops of oats, the second year of cultivation only, in the midst of bog-land.

In the little river which runs through Ouchterard, pearls are found. I saw some very beautiful specimens,—some as large as peas, and with a slightly pink tint.

The direct road through Cunnemara, runs along the chain of small lochs, of which Loch Uril is one, to Ballinahinch and Clifden, skirting the Mamturk range, and the Twelve Pins of Bunarola. Before taking this line, however, I was desirous of seeing that part of Cunnemara, which borders on Joyce's country, north of the Mamturk mountains, and at the extreme head of Loch Corrib :—with this intention I left Ouchterard. The road which I took, is the same, for seven or eight miles, as the Clifden line. At first, it is not highly interesting, but merely wild. I journeyed up the bank of the little stream which runs through Ouchterard, and skirted several small lakes into which it expands; and then found myself approaching mountain scenery. I

was now in Cunnemara: with me, mountain regions and buoyant spirits are synonymous. I saw at a glance, from the character and forms of the mountains before me, that my expectations were to be realized; and I pressed forward to the enjoyment of the banquet. My progress, however, received a slight check. It had been lowering all the morning; mists had been gradually rising from the valleys; and when less than half-way on my journey, I was overtaken by one of the most tremendous torrents that ever descended on mountain regions. I found shelter, however, in a cabin near to the road; and had an opportunity of making some few inquiries. Judging from the interior comforts of the cabin, I should have concluded that its inmates were miserably poor; but they were not so wretched as they appeared to be. They paid fifty shillings for as much land as fed ten sheep and two cows; and they grew a little oats and some potatos besides. I shall have many other opportunities of remarking the more favourable circumstances in which the mountain land-occupiers are placed, than those holding small portions of

land in the more fertile districts. At present, however, I shall pursue my journey.

The rain having ceased, I left the cabin and proceeded on my way. For a mile or two farther, the road continued in the same direction, still skirting a succession of little lakes, most of which were fringed with the beautiful white water-lily, reclining on its broad leaf; and now I diverged from the Clifden road, and struck directly to the right, towards the mountains. The scenery here is extremely wild and solitary; there is no attempt at cultivation, and no habitation of any kind: I had not even a stream for a companion. Two old grey crows, however, hopped from rock to rock along with me, by the road-side.

A second tremendous fall of rain, again sent me to a shelter,—not a house, but a projecting rock,—which fortunately stood near to the road, and which had a roof and two side walls,—more than many cabins have. Not a drop of rain reached me here; and the beautiful heath which bloomed around me, and at my feet, served to beguile the time. I never saw in any part of Britain such heath as I gathered here. I could compare it only with the heath I

have gathered in the province of Valencia, or on the coast of Sardinia.

Lighter drops, and a sudden gleam of sunshine, sent me from my shelter. Another mile of ascent, brought me within sight of my destination—a single house, far below in the hollow of the hills; and opened a very striking view of a mountain amphitheatre; and soon after, I reached Ma'am: or, as the innkeeper has christened the house, "Corrib-Head Hotel."

The scenery of Ma'am is fine,—very fine. If a lake filled the hollow of the mountains, Killarney might tremble for its supremacy; for the outline of the mountain range surpasses in picturesque form, any of the ranges that bound the lakes of Killarney. At Ma'am, one is forcibly struck with the advantages which would be opened up to this district, by the extension of the navigation of Loch Corrib to the sea. Fine slopes of reclaimable land, border the deep stream, that at the distance of half a mile, flows into Loch Corrib: and the same boats that would carry to market the produce of the cultivated land, would bring from the bay of Galway, sand, sea-weed, and lime, to be laid upon the yet unimproved wastes.

I made Ma'am my head-quarters for several days; and had every reason to be pleased with the spot. The inn is of rare excellence. The first day I arrived, a dinner was placed on the table at a couple of hours' notice, of roast kid,—milk-fed, veal pie, apple pie, and abundance of concomitants.

In the course of my excursions in the neighbouring country, I chanced to join company with a man who was sauntering on the road, without stockings or shoes, and clothed in tatters. I walked along with him, and he invited me into his house, to take a drink of milk. To look at the man, one might well have doubted, if he owned a house at all; and to say the truth, the house was about as miserable a hovel as I ever entered: and yet, will it be credited? this man paid 30*l.* of rent; and held sufficient land to feed sixty sheep, twelve black cattle, four cows, and several horses, and had about five acres besides, under tillage! This man possessed the means of living in perfect comfort; he had certainly a fair bargain of his land; but he was an uncivilized being; and had no more ideas of comfort, or of the usages of civilized people, than any other savage.

I should certainly say, that the peasantry of this mountainous district have the means of being comfortable: land is not generally high let; cows are universally kept; fish attainable for the trouble of taking them; and the grazings of the mountain parts of the farms are let to cattle dealers in Galway, and elsewhere, who pay 1*s.* a month, for cattle, per head, and 3*d.* for sheep. Generally speaking, there is a disposition to overstock farms; and it frequently happens, that a farmer does not raise even enough of potatos for his consumption, although he has a sufficiency of good land. Here, as elsewhere, there are some very small holders of land under the farmers; and these are poor enough!

The day after I reached Ma'am, I climbed, not Mamturk mountain, but the mountain adjoining to it, and little inferior in elevation. It was an interesting walk: I found the hills covered with the strongly odoriferous bog myrtle; and with many beautiful varieties of heath, among which I found some specimens of the purest white. The ascent was not difficult; and the view was extensive and interesting. The greater part of Cunnemara, and Joyce's country, was laid open: in one direction the

sea-line was visible; Loch Corrib and Loch Mask were on the opposite horizon; and in every other direction, the mountain ranges of the immediate district, as well as of the more distant county of Mayo, occupied the picture. I found on the mountain land, which, but a few years before, was bog, excellent crops of oats and barley—the oats growing very high up the mountain side. I looked into a farm-house, on my return, where a substantial farmer lived. He paid 80*l.* of rent; and owned 700 sheep and 200 head of black cattle.

I had frequently, since coming to Ireland, heard of a *pattern* being held; and had been asked if I had seen a pattern? It fortunately happened, that on the second day of my sojourn at Ma'am, a very celebrated pattern was to be held, on a singular spot, high up amongst the mountains, on a little plain, on the top of the pass between Mamturk and the neighbouring mountain,—an elevation of about 1200 feet;—and I, of course, resolved to be present. A pattern was, originally, a religious ceremony, and was, and still is, always celebrated near to a holy well: but although some still frequent the pattern for devotional purposes, it is now resorted

to, chiefly as a place of recreation, where, after the better disposed have partaken of the innocent amusements of dancing and moderate hilarity, drunkenness and fighting wind up the entertainment.

I was accompanied, in my excursion, by the innkeeper; and the road being rather toilsome, I was accommodated with a horse. This, however, was a luxury which I was soon obliged to disencumber myself of; for a great part, or rather, by far the greater part of the road being through bogs, I soon found the horse to be a dangerous companion, and was glad to leave him behind, at a cabin door, and make my way through the bog on foot. It requires some practice to be an expert bog-trotter; to know where one may safely rest one's weight; where one must skip lightly from tuft to tuft; and where one must not risk an advance at all. I had had some experience of bogs before coming to Ireland, and proved so apt a learner in bog-trotting, that, during the whole of my journey, I never committed so great an error of judgment as to sink even knee-deep.

The ascent to the spot where the pattern was

to be held, was picturesque in the extreme. Far up the winding way, for miles before us, and for miles behind too, groups were seen moving up the mountain side,—the women, with their red petticoats, easily distinguishable: some were on foot, some few on horseback, and some rode double. About half-way up, we overtook a party of lads and lasses, beguiling the toil of the ascent, by the help of a piper, who marched before; and whose stirring strains, every now and then prompted an advance in jig-time, up the steep mountain path. Some few we met coming away,—sober people, who had performed their *station* at the holy well, and had no desire to be partakers in the sort of amusement that generally follows.

Everybody in this part of the country is called Joyce; and the spot where the pattern is held, is claimed by the Joyces, to be in Joyce's country: but this is not admitted by the Cunnemara boys; and accordingly, two factions,—the Joyces and their opponents, usually hold patterns near the same ground, though not close together; but yet so near, as to make it impossible, that the meetings should break up without a *scrimmage*. The Joyces

are a magnificent race of men; the biggest, and stoutest, and tallest, I have seen in Ireland; eclipsing even the peasantry of the Tyrol; and I believe, indeed, their claims on this head are universally admitted. I shall, by and by, have an opportunity of introducing the reader to *big Jack Joyce*, when I visit him in his own house.

When I reached the summit of the Pass, and came in sight of the ground, it was about four in the afternoon, and the pattern was at its height: and truly, in this wild mountain spot, the scene was most striking and picturesque. There were a score tents or more,—some open at the sides, and some closed; hundreds in groups were seated on the grass, or on the stones, which lie abundantly there. Some old persons were yet on their knees, beside the holy well, performing their devotions; and here and there apart, and half-screened by the masses of rocks which lay about, girls of the better order, who had finished their pastimes, were putting off their shoes and stockings to trot homeward; or were arranging their dress; or perhaps,—though more rarely,—exchanging a word or two with a Joyce, or a Cunnemara boy. All was quiet when

I reached the ground; and I was warmly welcomed as a stranger, by many, who invited me into their tents. Of course I accepted the invitation; and the pure potheen circulated freely.

By and by, however, some boastful expression of a Joyce appeared to give offence to several at the far end of the tent; and something loud and contemptuous was spoken by two or three in a breath. The language which, in compliment to me, had been English, suddenly changed to Irish. Two or three glasses of potheen were quickly gulped by most of the boys; and the innkeeper who had accompanied me, and who sat by me, whispered that there would soon be some fighting. I had seen abundance of fighting on a small scale, in Ireland; but, I confess, I had been barbarous enough to wish I might see a regular faction fight; and now I was likely to be gratified. Taking the hint of the innkeeper, I shook hands with the "boys" nearest to me, right and left; and taking advantage of a sudden burst of voices, I stepped over my bench, and, retiring from my tent, took up a safe position on some neighbouring rocks.

I had not long to wait: out sallied the Joyces,

and a score of other "boys," from several tents at once, as if there had been some preconcerted signal; and the flourishing of shillelahs did not long precede the using of them. Any one to see an Irish fight, for the first time, would conclude that a score or two must inevitably be put *hors-de-combat.* The very flourish of a regular shillelah, and the shout that accompanies it, seem to be the immediate precursors of a fractured skull; but the affair, though bad enough, is not so fatal as it appears to be: the shillelahs, no doubt, do sometimes descend upon a head, which is forthwith a broken head; but they oftener descend upon each other; and the fight soon becomes one of personal strength. The parties close and grapple; and the most powerful man throws his adversary: fair play is but little attended to: two or three often attack a single man; nor is there a cessation of blows, even when a man is on the ground. On the present occasion, five or six were disabled; but there was no homicide; and after a *scrimmage,* which lasted perhaps ten minutes, the Joyces remained masters of the field. The women took no part in the fight; but they are not always so backward: it is chiefly, however, when

stones are the weapons, that women take a part, by supplying the combatants with missiles. When the fight ended, there were not many remaining, excepting those who were still in the tents, and who chanced to be of neither faction. Most of the women had left the place when the quarrel began, and some of the men too. I noticed, after the fight, that some, who had been opposed to each other, shook hands and kissed; and appeared as good friends as before. The sun was nearly set, when the pattern finally broke up; and, with the bright sun flaming down the cleft, and gilding all the slopes, the scene was even more striking now, than when we ascended. The long line of pedestrians and horses stretched many miles down the lengthened defile; and the mountain notes of the pipe—and the occasional burst of voices—and the lowing of the cattle, roused by these unwonted sounds—filled all the hollow of the hills. It was quite dark when we reached Ma'am.

Before proceeding on my journey, I made an excursion from Ma'am to Cong, and to the foot of Loch Mask. I went on horseback; and as I did not find the journey highly interesting, I will not

detail the particulars of it. The road skirts Loch Corrib all the way to Cong; but does not conduct the traveller through any very striking scenery. The banks are scarcely elevated enough to be bold; and are not cultivated enough to be beautiful. Some caves are shewn in the neighbourhood of Cong; but they do not possess any high interest. The distance from Cong to Ross-hill, and to the shore of Loch Mask, is about four miles: and Ross-hill is worth a visit. Loch Mask is not striking; the banks are not generally very elevated, and are deficient in picturesque beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

CUNNEMARA.

Journey from Ma'am to Roundstone and Clifden—Capabilities of Cunnemara—The Waste Lands of Ireland—A Storm, and its consequences—A Cunnemara Potheen-house—Merry-making—Charming Scenery—Derry Clare—Ben-Gowr and Lettery—Loch Ina—Herds of Cattle and Troops of Horses—Ballinahinch—A Solitary Burying-ground—Roundstone—Reclaimed Bogs—Rotation of Crops—Manure—Facilities offered for the extension of Cultivation—The Landlords of Cunnemara—Urrisbeg—Singular Prospect—Wild Flowers—The King's Writ.

I intended to have left Ma'am to proceed on my journey, through Cunnemara, early the next morning; but the weather was so threatening, that I delayed till after mid-day. In order to gain the road to Clifden, it was necessary to return to the point at which I left it, in going to Ma'am. I then turned to the westward, and pursued my journey. The road still lay along that chain of small lakes,

which extend all the way from Ouchterard, almost the whole length of Cunnemara; and it was impossible to cast the eye over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce,—and the chains of lochs carrying that produce,—on the one side, to Loch Corrib and Galway bay; and, on the other, to Birterbuy bay, or one of the other bays, which lie to the westward. Some improvements are at present in progress by a gentleman who holds land under Mr. St. George, one of the proprietors of Cunnemara: but I believe there are certain obstacles in the way of success. I question whether much ever will, or can be done, in cultivating the waste reclaimable lands of Ireland, by the proprietors themselves. Capital and enterprise are alike wanting. This, however, it is—the cultivation of the reclaimable wastes, that can alone provide permanent employment for the people, and effect a real change in their condition. To cultivate lands, where the produce cannot be taken cheap to market,

would of course be the act of an insane person; but if government were to provide, in the first place, for the transmission of produce, by the construction of roads wherever wanted, and of canals, or river navigation, wherever practicable (by which, employment would be found for the people, and poverty and idleness, the great feeders of agitation, in part removed), we are entitled to believe, that capital would flow in the direction where it would be wanted, and where a certain return would await its employment.

When I left Ma'am, I anticipated a fine afternoon; but I was mistaken in my judgment. The mountains became gradually obscured; the mists began to rise from the defiles and ravines; and I quickened my pace, to reach a house called *Flynn's*, or the half-way,—the only house, I think, that presents itself, in a distance of about twelve miles. Shortly before reaching this resting place, I passed a fine lake on the right, adorned with wooded islands. It is singular, that throughout the greater part of Cunnemara, the only wood that is to be found, is on the islands in the lakes. The rain had begun some time ago; and it came down in

such torrents, that long before reaching the half-way house, I was thoroughly drenched. My portmanteau, I had sent from Ma'am, to await my arrival some days afterwards, at a spot called *Jack Joyce's;* but I had hired a ragged lad to carry all that was necessary for a drenched man; and I was soon in a condition to pay my respects to the inmates in the kitchen,—which was also fain to serve as a parlour. I found the kitchen full, and abundance of merriment going forward. There was a piper, and a fiddler, both of whom had been at the pattern; there were Joyces and Flynns,—men and women; boys and girls; and here I saw by far the finest specimen of an Irish girl, I had yet seen in Ireland. She was a magnificent creature, the daughter of the hostess, with a fine, expressive, and somewhat aristocratic face, and a form of perfect symmetry: her sweetheart was there —a Joyce, only seventeen years of age, but six feet three inches in height, and weighing upwards of sixteen stone: the girl was eighteen; but the match was not perfectly approved of, he being a Joyce, and she a Flynn; the Joyces, and the Flynns, being not entirely at one.

The rain continuing to come down in torrents, it was out of the question to continue my journey; and therefore, all I had to do, was to make myself as agreeable to the company as possible. It is no difficult task to become a sudden favourite with the lower classes in Ireland: there is always a disposition to look favourably on a stranger; and if that stranger lays aside all pretension,—is familiar with those whom he meets, and accommodates himself to circumstances,—he is sure to be treated, not merely with civility, but with respect, and even affection. Dancing was the great amusement of the evening; and excellent dancers some of the party were. I was not a novice in the mysteries of the *jig*; and did not decline the invitation of the hostess, and her beautiful daughter. The more vigorously I danced, the greater was my popularity; and at the conclusion of every turn, "Long life to your honour!" was the universal exclamation. Nor was it possible to decline a little potheen; though this I took in greater moderation than the dancing. I don't know where all the household and visitors got beds: I saw no bed-room, excepting the one I occupied; and I would very willingly that

it had been occupied by anybody but myself. To have looked for a clean bed here, would have been ridiculous.

At an early hour next morning, I left the half-way house, particularly favoured by the weather. The country now became, every mile of the way, more interesting. The chain of lakes still continued on the left; and the mountain views on the right became bolder, and more striking. There are not many finer ranges of mountains of the same altitude, than this. Derry Clare, Ben Gour, and Lettery, are all finely formed mountains. There appeared to be on the right, an inviting hollow, among the hills, which seemed to promise a reward for the deviation from the road; and I followed my inclination. The hollow was about four miles distant; and I found, as I expected, a deeply embosomed lake, which wanted only an easy access to its banks, in order to enjoy a high reputation for the boldness, and picturesque outline of its mountain boundaries. I rested for a little while, in a house at no great distance from it; and found the owner in sufficiently comfortable circumstances. He had a hundred head of black cattle,

and many horses, and several cows, and about five acres under potatos and oats, and paid only 15*l.* on a lease of ninety-nine years. I was told of a lake, called Loch Ina, farther to the north; and from a shoulder of Derry Clare, I obtained a view over it. It appeared to be partially wooded, and very solitary and remote. I did not visit it; but retraced my steps to the point where I had left the road. Everywhere along this line of country, the views are most pleasing. The mountain outline is highly picturesque in its form; the slopes are dotted with sheep; and on the low grounds, vast herds of cattle, and troops of horses, are seen feeding; and the wild gambols, and graceful motions, of these scarce tamed creatures, give great life and interest to the scene. On the other side of a lake, on the left of the road, Dean Mahon owns a handsome house. It is very agreeably situated, with a good deal of wood about it; and would be a delightful retreat for a man of a contemplative mind, and fond of occasional solitude.

This line of road is in a shameful condition: it is impassable to any vehicle, unless with the assistance of half-a-dozen men, to carry it, or at least to

assist its progress, over the unfinished parts of the road. When I say vehicle, I mean an Irish jaunting car of the strongest build. For any other more ambitious carriage, the road is impassable with any assistance. To complete this road, would not cost 300*l.*; and yet the gentlemen of Galway allow it to remain in its present condition, while ten times 300*l.* perhaps, is swallowed up in jobs.

I passed through a considerable tract of country here, without any inhabitants, or any cultivation; but houses began to appear, as I approached Ballinahinch. I spent an hour or two in this neighbourhood, sitting with, and talking with, and *tasting* with, the small landholders. I found them generally in a situation of comparative comfort; I do not mean, that they actually lived comfortably; but that there was nothing in the circumstances in which they were placed, to prevent the enjoyment of comfort. All had one, two, or more cows; all had turf for nothing; and all had the privilege of fishing during a certain season. These are great advantages, unknown to the small farmer of the flat and fertile districts. I must not omit to say, that every one had his little

pa ch of barley, for the manufacture of potheen: and he made no secret of it.

I now came in sight of Ballinahinch, which is not the kind of place one would expect to find, as the residence of an individual who is the king of these districts, and through whose dominions one has been travelling during tl a greater part of thirty miles. The situation of the house is good; it stands upon the well wooded bank of a long narrow lake; and is backed by a magnificent range of dark, and lofty mountains; but the edifice itself has nothing baronial about it; its look is quite modern; and it is rather diminutive. Over all his own country, however, Mr. Martin is quite a sovereign. An individual, speaking to me of the family, said, that Colonel Martin, that is—*the* Martin—was the best Martin that ever "*reigned.*" Mr. Martin was in London when I was in this neighbourhood.

I did not proceed to Clifden, by the straight road from Ballinahinch; but soon after, turned to the right, on the road that leads to Roundstone,—the village, situated on Birterbuy bay, founded by that late highly gifted individual, Mr. Nimmo,

whose extensive knowledge of Ireland, and her capabilities, and wants, is on record; and may serve as a guide to all who would devise means for benefiting the people.

The road by which I journeyed to Roundstone, conducted me through a wild, and not very picturesque country. I passed on the way side, a very solitary chapel and burying ground,—the few tombs, marked by rough upright stones, or small wooden crosses: a few crooked stunted trees, grew here and there; a little rivulet skirted the place of graves, and murmured pleasantly by; and when I passed, two old men were employed in leisurely digging a grave.

Soon after passing this spot, I came within sight of Roundstone, and skirted several narrow arms of the sea. On the shores of all these bays, smoke was rising from numerous spots where the people were burning sea-weed for kelp. Roundstone cuts no great figure in approaching it; but the country on both sides of the road, offers sufficient interest. Most encouraging proofs are everywhere to be seen, of the capabilities of the bogs of Cunnemara. On the same land, I saw heaps of

turf newly cut out of the bog; and close by, the finest crops of oats, potatos, barley, and even wheat. There is no crop that cannot be produced by the aid either of limestone, or of other natural products of this neighbourhood,—coral sand, and sea-weed. These have an advantage over limestone, inasmuch as they need no quarrying or preparation. First-rate crops are here produced the third year. Potatos are generally taken for the two first crops; and these, by the operation of trenching, drain the land. Oats then follow; and extraordinary crops are produced: sixteen barrels, 207 stone to the barrel, is not reckoned an uncommon product of an acre.

There is, perhaps, no part of Ireland so well adapted for experimenting on waste lands, and reclaimable bogs, as Cunnemara. No part of Cunnemara is more than six miles from some sea bay, or lake, having a communication with the sea. If there were good roads in all directions, this length of land carriage would not be great: but even this distance would be much diminished, by improving, and connecting the navigation of the chains of lakes, which extend through every

part of Cunnemara. One part of that chain, drains into Loch Corrib, and through it, to the bay of Galway; the other part drains into the western bays. One has but to glance at the map, to see how much nature has done for Cunnemara, and in enumerating the advantages offered in this district, for the cultivation of its wastes, the easy acquisition of the means of cultivation,—sand and sea-weed,— must be kept prominently in view.

Roundstone is a straggling village, situated on the west side of Roundstone bay, which is a part of Birterbuy bay. The village is little more than seven years old, and for its age, has an aspect of tolerable prosperity. There are about thirty-five houses in the village, and eight or ten building. The exports from Roundstone, are oats, turf, and sea-weed, for Galway, and the ports of Clare. The export of grain, however, I suspect, is as yet but trifling. Cunnemara is supposed at present to produce about 1500 tons of oats; but a large portion of this quantity, is made into whiskey; and besides, Roundstone is not the only port of Cunnemara. Many intelligent persons are of

opinion, that the site of Roundstone was ill chosen; and that it will never rise to any great prosperity.

The embarrassed condition of some of the landowners of this part of Ireland, has produced, along with much evil, one good result. It is the custom, in very many parts of Ireland, to allow one half year's rent to be constantly in arrear, *i. e.* the first half year's is not called for till the end of the year; and the second half year's rent not till the expiration of eighteen months. By this system, all tenants are in the power of the landlord; and the state of affairs in Cunnemara, which has, on some estates, compelled these arrears to be paid up, has, in my opinion, acted most favourably upon the future condition of the tenant, by making him a more independent man, and by placing him less within the reach of a capricious or embarrassed landlord. It would be well, if tenants throughout Ireland, could be persuaded to waive this fancied advantage, which has now grown almost into a privilege.

Behind Roundstone, rises the mountain called Urrisbeg, which I ascended the evening after my

arrival in Roundstone. There is a mountain path, about half-way up; and the remainder of the ascent, is through heathy slopes, and over rocks, with scarcely any bog-land intervening. Cunnemara is remarkable for the variety of flowers and plants, which grow wild upon its mountains. I gathered on Urrisbeg, many very beautiful, and some of them rare, wild flowers; amongst others, the Irish heath, or bell heather; the beautifully pink-streaked water pimpernel; the eye-bright, with its little yellow eye; the bright tinted tormentilla; gentiana; the red bear berry; London pride, though not then in flower; innumerable heaths, amongst others, the erica limerea; adiantum, capillus veneris, or maiden hair; the bilberry; dwarf juniper; the silver leaf, &c. The Mediterranean heath (erica Mediterrana) is also found on these mountains; as well as the mensiazia palafolia.

The view from the summit of Urrisbeg, is more singular than beautiful. Here, Cunnemara is perceived to be truly that which its name denotes,—"bays of the sea." The whole western coast of Cunnemara is laid open, with its innumerable bays and inlets: but the most striking and singular part

of the view, is that to the north, over the districts called Urrisbeg, and Urrismore. These are wide, level districts, spotted by an almost uncountable number of lakes; and mostly, entirely uncultivated, and uninhabited. I endeavoured, from my elevated position, to reckon the number of lakes; and succeeded in counting upwards of a hundred and sixty. Shoulders of the mountain, however, shut out from the view, some of the nearer part of the plain; and other parts were too distant to allow any very accurate observation; so that I have no doubt, there may be three hundred lakes, great and small, in this wild, and very singular district. Several of the lakes have islands upon them; and by the aid of a good telescope, which I carried with me, I perceived that many of these islands were wooded. A tract of this country, six miles in diameter, is at present let for 6*l.* 4*s.*

It has been a common saying, by way of expressing the barbarous condition of this part of Ireland, that the king's writ never went over Cunnemara; and I believe that where there has been any inclination to dispute the progress of the king's writ, the saying is a true one. Some

curious stories are current upon this subject; but I do not feel myself justified in repeating them. It is certain, that no *suspicious* stranger can proceed far into Cunnemara, without intelligence of his arrival being conveyed to the remotest part of it. I was informed—I do not vouch for the truth of the story—that when it was necessary to publish the Act authorising the holding of markets at Roundstone, and when the sheriff came down on this business, he was made drunk by those who accompanied him, at Ouchterard; and by way of security, all papers, excepting those relating to the business upon which he was sent, were taken out of his pocket, sealed up, and left behind.

CHAPTER V.

CUNNEMARA.

Country between Roundstone and Clifden—Clifden—Cunnemara Salmon—Advice to Travellers—Trade of Clifden—Clifden Castle—Cultivation of Bogs—Land-owners of Cunnemara—Road to Leenane—Morning Pictures—Digression on Irish Hospitality—Character of this part of Cunnemara—Landholders—The Killeries—Magnificent Scenery—Delphi—Leenane, and *Jack Joyce*—A Hint to Travellers.

I now left Roundstone, for Clifden, which lies about ten miles to the north-west. The road to Clifden, skirts that singular country of lakes, which I saw from the summit of Urrisbeg mountain, and gives the traveller the opportunity of a nearer observation of it. It is an entirely unpeopled, and most desolate-looking tract: ranging the eye over the whole extent of it, not a habitation is to be seen; nor a living creature of any kind—nothing but a vast flat, of brown heathy land, with innumerable lakes of all dimensions and forms gleaming in every

direction. Some of these lakes lay close to the road; many of them, as my telescope had already shewn me, encircled wooded islands; and I was near enough to see, that a considerable portion of the wood was yew.

As I approached Clifden, the country began to improve: a few cottages skirted the road, and some little cultivation surrounded the cottages; and close upon Clifden, the scenery becomes agreeable and picturesque. Nothing, indeed, can be prettier than the situation of Clifden, at the head of the deep narrow inlet of the sea, above which it stands, and with a splendid amphitheatre of mountains half surrounding it.

Clifden is only fourteen years old, and is a wonderful place for its age. Fifteen years ago, not a house was built: now it reckons upwards of a hundred good slated, and perhaps half as many thatched houses. Nor is it a mere straggling congregation of houses; there are three streets,—two of them good streets, and many respectable-looking shops. There is also a church, a chapel, a fever hospital; a school-house,—not yet completed, intended to be under the new board,—and another unfinished

school-house, which was begun when proselytism was in vogue. There is also a wonderfully good inn, for so remote a place, where, notwithstanding the claims of the Blackwater, I think I may promise the traveller as prime a salmon as ever swam.

Cunnemara is the country of salmon: every inlet and river is full of them; and this is the staple of every dinner in every inn in this part of Ireland. Variety in the mode of preparing the salmon, stands instead of other variety. Salmon boiled, salmon roasted, and salmon pickled, are produced successively, in place of fish, flesh, and fowl: but I would take the liberty of advising the hungry traveller to be cautious. Salmon at no time, and in no shape, is considered a very wholesome food; but it is the opinion of persons wiser in these matters than I am, that salmon, eaten perfectly fresh out of the water, as it is always eaten in the west of Ireland, is much more indigestible than when it has been some time kept. There is nothing, I believe, unphilosophical in this opinion. I have eaten salmon in Cunnemara, an hour or two out of the water, which has required as vigorous an exercise of the masticating powers, as old poultry, or new killed

mutton. And as I am on the subject of inns, and bills of fare, I would advise the traveller in Cunnemara, after he has partaken moderately of the never-failing salmon, to make bacon the staple of his dinner. Fowls, over the greater part of Ireland, are uneatable; but the bacon is generally good; and with eggs, and excellent potatos,—the first course of them boiled, the second, crisped,—and with good bread, and excellent butter, a traveller may get through the agreeable business of dining, as comfortably as a traveller in Cunnemara has any right to expect. I must add, that the abundance and cheapness of salmon, which is generally about threepence per lb., make little difference in the charges at the inns. Considering the fare, I think charges higher here than in most parts of Ireland. The whole dinner of salmon, bacon, and potatos, cannot cost the innkeeper sixpence; and the traveller is probably charged 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 8*d.*, or 2*s.*: and in Limerick, or any other town, he is charged 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* for a good dinner. The great inns, with their high rents, and other expenses, are decidedly moderate in their charges. But to return from this digression.

Clifden has a considerable export trade in oats, and a rapidly increasing trade. It was thought, that the export of oats, for the year 1834, would reach a thousand tons. I noticed one large corn store newly built; and another in course of building. There is also some export of kelp from Clifden; but it is now very trifling. There can be no doubt that the decline of the kelp trade has been of service to Cunnemara, by encouraging the employment of sea-weed in agriculture, which would certainly not have been the case, if there had been a market for it. Clifden also enjoys a pretty good retail trade, considering the yet limited extent of the town, and the scanty population of the surrounding district. I saw no shop unoccupied; and I was told, that many of the tradespeople are in comfortable circumstances.

Mr. D'Arcy, of Clifden Castle, has the merit of having founded this town, and of having made it what it is: and yet it has never cost him a shilling. He pointed out the advantages which would accrue to this remote neighbourhood from having a town, and a sea-port so situated; and he offered leases for ever, of a plot of ground for building, together

with four acres of mountain land, at but a short distance from the proposed site of the town, at 25*s.* per annum. This offer was most advantageous, even leaving out of account the benefit which would necessarily be conferred by a town, on a district where the common necessaries of life had to be purchased thirty miles distant; and where there was no market, and no means of export for agricultural produce: and so the town of Clifden was founded, and grew.

It says little, however, for the industry of the people, that the greater part of the mountain land so granted, and so cheaply held, yet remains in its primitive state; though it is perfectly susceptible of cultivation, at but small cost of either money or labour. When mountain land is spoken of, this does not mean very elevated ground, but is applied to any land not brought under cultivation. Nowhere is the facility of improving certain descriptions of bog-land more plainly seen, than in this neighbourhood. Grass, potatos, oats, and rye, are all seen growing luxuriantly on land, that a very few years ago was used only for turf-cutting. The usual practice is, to spread sea-weed on bog-land,

and at the same time to put in potatos, and trench the land; and the first year's crop even, leaves a profit over the expense of leading the manure, and of labour. Roads and ports are alone wanted, to convert Cunnemara, at no distant period, into a fruitful corn district.

Clifden does not afford constant employment for all who desire it. A new place is apt to attract a superabundance of labour for a time; and this has been in some degree the case with Clifden.

The marble quarries of Cunnemara afford but little employment. Indeed, they can scarcely be said to be worked at all. Owing to the peculiarities of the marble, and the danger of destroying it in the operation of sawing, it does not find a ready market in England; but it is probable, that the establishment of a saw-mill at Clifden, and the export of slabs, would be a remunerating investment of capital.

Let no traveller be in this neighbourhood, without visiting Clifden Castle, the delightful residence of Mr. D'Arcy. The walk from Clifden, by the water-side, is perfectly lovely; and the distance is not greater than two miles. The path runs close

by the brink of a long narrow inlet of the sea, the banks of which, on both sides, are rugged and precipitous. It was an evening of extraordinary beauty when I sauntered down this path; the tide was full, and the inlet brimful and calm; and beyond the narrow entrance of the bay, lay, in almost as glassy a calm, though with a gentle heaving, the wide waters of the Atlantic. After reaching the entrance of the bay, and rounding a little promontory, Clifden Castle comes into view. It is a modern castellated house; not remarkable in itself; but in point of situation, unrivalled. Mountain and wood rise behind: and a fine sloping lawn in front, reaches down to the beautiful land-locked bay; while to the right, the eye ranges over the ocean, until it mingles with the far and dim horizon.

Twenty years ago, the whole of this was a bog: and now not a rood of bog-land is to be seen. The lawn I saw laden with a magnificent crop of hay; while at the same time, the sunk-fence shewed a deep bog. I returned to Clifden by the mountain road, and was again delighted with the new views which the road disclosed,—more Swiss in character, than anything I had seen in Ireland. The

mountain range behind Clifden,—the Twelve Pins of Bunarola, — is almost worthy of Switzerland. In its outline, nothing can be finer. Altogether, I was greatly pleased with Clifden: and I think I may safely risk a prophecy, that this town will rapidly rise into importance. Should Cunnemara ever be generally brought into cultivation, which I confidently anticipate, it is from this neighbourhood that the produce of the western parts of Cunnemara must be exported.

Cunnemara is almost all shared amongst large proprietors; the five greatest of whom, are Mr. Martin, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Blake, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. O'Neill. The estates of all these individuals are extensive: but Mr. Martin is greatly the largest proprietor, and has considerably the largest rent roll. I found nothing in the neighbourhood of Clifden, to weaken the impression on my mind, that the landholders of these mountain districts, are better circumstanced than the same class of individuals in the fertile and more peopled parts of Ireland.

My route now lay from Clifden to Leenane, or as it is more currently called, "Jack Joyce's."

This road, after skirting the western base of the Twelve Pins, on the one side, and the sea bays on the other, strikes through the heart of Cunnemara, and amongst the mountains, into Joyce's country —for Leenane is not in Cunnemara, but in Joyce's country. As I intended, at Leenane, again to have recourse to cars (for there, one gets into the carriage road to Westport), and as no cars were to be had at Leenane, I hired a car at Clifden to precede me.

I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that the scenery, in passing from Clifden, to the Killeries and Leenane, is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character, nothing at Killarney comes at all near to it; and although the deficiency of wood, excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, I am certainly of opinion, that the scenery of this part of Cunnemara, including especially, the Killeries, which is in Joyce's country, is entitled to rank higher than the more praised, because better known, scenery of Killarney. I would not be understood as saying one word in disparagement of Killarney, which, in the combination of form and colour, is not to be

surpassed: but in speaking of Killarney, I think I ventured to observe, that no approach to sublimity was to be found; and as, in the part of Ireland of which I am now speaking, there are undoubted approaches to the sublime, with all of the picturesque besides that depends upon form, I think these ought to weigh heavier in the balance, than that softened beauty, which at Killarney is created by abundance and variety of wood, and consequent splendour of colouring. I know, that a far stronger impression was made on my mind in this journey, than by anything I saw at Killarney. Be it known too, that this is a country of lakes,—lakes with as fine mountain boundaries, as are to be found in the three kingdoms. But it is time I should proceed upon my journey.

The first six or seven miles after leaving Clifden, the road lies through a peopled country, though not thickly peopled. The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character: one has glimpses of a hundred beautiful, and striking scenes, on land and sea,—climbing up high steeps, and then descending into deep valleys; skirting, and rounding deep inlets of the sea; and still, calm, fresh-

water lakes; and now and then catching peeps into the long solitary valleys, and deep hollows, that lie in the heart of the mountains. I left Clifden soon after five o'clock; and a calmer, or more delightful morning never brightened before the traveller. Morning has this advantage over evening,—that when the calm of evening comes on, and shadows lengthen, and sunbeams grow brighter, the sounds of day continue; nay, evening is the time for play and frolic; and the silence of evening is more poetical than real. But at early sunrise, the repose of night is yet upon the earth; and the calm of the early morning is more perfect and unbroken than that of evening: the lake is as still; but there is no pleasure party, with laugh and jest, making for the shore: the sea breaks as gently on the beach; but no idlers are sauntering, or children playing there. The mountain sides are as bright, and their hollows as dim; but the cattle have not yet raised their heads, and are moveless as the rocks above them. Morning, therefore, is the hour of greater repose; and on the morning I left Clifden, all was as I have sketched it.

About seven miles from Clifden, the road to

Leenane and the Killery,—a new line of road, though not yet completed, turns to the right, leaving on the left, the road to that extreme western point, where the property of Mr. Blake lies. The family of Mr. Blake, are authors of that agreeable book, called "Letters from the Irish Highlands;" and I regretted, that my letter of introduction to the family, did not reach me before my departure from England, but found me at Belfast on my return. Although I well know, that Irish hospitality makes a traveller and a stranger welcome, I make it a rule, to present myself to no one of a certain rank, without a letter of introduction. And here I will take the opportunity of making a short digression on Irish hospitality. I am of opinion, that Irish hospitality, in the sense in which it was once understood, does not now exist to any great extent. It was an evil; and cured itself. Wholesale hospitality, and prodigality, are near akin; and the gentry of Ireland are not now generally in a condition, in which prudence would sanction that kind of hospitality.

The attentions and hospitality of good society in Ireland, are to be found in Ireland, as they are

in other countries,—through the medium of good letters of introduction. These, I believe, will secure civilities in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland; and will produce their fruits, according to the source whence they come; and I do not believe, that without these, great progress is made in Ireland, more than in other parts of the empire. There is, indeed, a warm-heartedness about the Irish in the south and west, that if a person well introduced, be an agreeable person, will exhibit itself in extraordinary attentions: still, I must contend, that in Ireland, the hospitalities of the upper classes, must be preceded, as they ought to be, by creditable introductions. No doubt, an Irish gentleman in a remote part, where there is no public accommodation, would receive and welcome a traveller; but so any gentleman would, in any remote part of the empire; and I have been myself occasionally so received, in almost every country in Europe. Those, of the many to whose hospitality in Ireland I have been indebted, who may chance to read these pages, well know, that I have every reason to speak highly of Irish hospitality; and so I do: I only wish to correct an

impression, that Irish hospitality is everywhere a passport to the stranger; and to say, that although Irish hospitality would forbid the door to be closed against a stranger, yet those attentions which render the journey of a traveller agreeable, are due in the first place, to the introductions which he carries with him.

I left the reader at the point where the road to Leenane turns to the right. For many miles I travelled through a succession of most striking scenery, by the margin of lakes, lying in the very heart of the mountains, which are in many places precipitous,—everywhere, of the most picturesque forms; here and there lofty enough, and rugged enough, to verge upon sublimity; and which never degenerate into tameness of outline, or insignificance, in elevation. The scenes were generally of a solitary character; for few cattle or sheep were on the mountain sides; the curlew and the plover only, were on the margin of the lakes; and the *bouquet* of heaths, was reserved for the wild bee.

After travelling seven or eight miles, on this interesting road, I reached one or two houses;

and took advantage of the opportunity to make a halt. The interior of the house was poor enough, and deficient in almost every article of comfort. I counted eleven cows, however, outside of the house; with many pigs, and all kinds of fowl; and several sides of bacon were hanging from the roof. This, I had very rarely seen in Ireland; and it certainly bespoke a very favourable condition. Nor were the cows all the stock these people possessed; they fed a considerable herd of cattle on the mountain; but I could not learn how many: and for the land which supported all this stock, they paid 3*l.* 7*s.* Yet these people complained of the high rent, and of their poverty. I think I cannot be accused of a disposition to make the condition of the Irish poor appear better than it is, or to extol the generosity of landlords. God knows, the condition of the Irish poor is bad enough; and it is but little they owe in general, to the owners of the soil: but I wish to represent the truth, and do justice to all. There is a disposition among the Irish farmers, to complain under all circumstances; and although in the great majority of cases, they may justly complain of high rents,

I never heard one individual admit, that his rent was low. I would not always judge of the condition of an Irish farmer, solely by the way in which he lives; because some live like paupers, who might live in greater comfort: but if I see sides of bacon hanging in the kitchen, and four or five children, drinking new milk, and eating potatos and butter, I may conclude that it is not necessary to send either the pigs or the butter to market, in order to pay the rent. I sincerely wish, that all the farmers in Ireland could afford to do the like. I noticed several acres in the neighbourhood of the cabin at which I stopped, under tillage; and I drank some excellent potheen from the family still.

After quitting this halting place, the road diverged from the range of mountains, through which I had been passing; but in leaving them, their forms, and outline, and glens, and shadows, were only the better revealed; and before me, another, and seemingly equally elevated mountain range extended to the right. These were the mountains which border the Killeries, and which lie in Joyce's country, part of which, as well as Cunnemara,

is in Galway, and part in the county Mayo. I had already indeed been some time in Joyce's country. The limits between Cunnemara, and Joyce's country, are not, I believe, very distinctly marked: but at the house where I lately made a halt, I was told I was then in Joyce's country.

After passing through a somewhat more open country, I suddenly dropped down upon the Killery. The Killery is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland. It may easily be conceived how great the attractions of this scene must be. It is of an entirely novel character; and resembles more, the scenery of a Norwegian *Fiord*, than any thing I know nearer home. The inlet is not above an English mile across: several parts of the mountain boundary rise abruptly from the water; but there are here and there, clefts, and hollows, which discover more elevated peaks beyond, and shew the breadth and extent of the range. There is no scene in England of the same character as the Killery;

nor another in Ireland either, on so grand a scale. If the mountain sides on the Killery were wooded, it would be almost unnecessary to travel into Norway in search of scenery.

I knew that on the opposite side of the Killery, in Mayo, the Marquis of Sligo owned a spot, called Delphi, which enjoyed a high reputation for beauty of situation; and seeing, as I walked along the road which skirts the water, a little boat just putting off, at but a short distance from me, I hailed it, and bargained to be taken across, to the point nearest to Lord Sligo's lodge; and that the boat should wait my return, and then take me up to the head of the Killery, where stands the house of reception owned by *Jack Joyce*. This was precisely one of those occasions when a man may congratulate himself on being free from all incumbrances. To be rowed across the Killery, and then carried up to the Killery head, in this convenient mode, required that one should have neither horse nor vehicle of any kind.

A short half-hour sufficed to put me across; and stepping ashore, in a little cove, opposite to a wide mountain hollow, I followed the path which

was pointed out to me. About a mile from the shore, I reached the entrance to the mountain hollow; and another mile, into the heart of it, brought me to the neighbourhood of Delphi. The lodge is not itself any way remarkable; but its situation is. It lies in a deep recess among the mountains, which rise lofty and abrupt on all sides, excepting one, where there is a little lake, along whose margin winds the road to the house. The immediate neighbourhood of the house is well wooded, and abundance of sweet-smelling flowers, make an odorous atmosphere around. It is certainly a tranquil and singular spot—an Elysium to many; but not likely, I should think, to suit well the taste and habits of the noble owner. There is a road from this side of the Killery to Westport; and, judging by the appearance of the mountains beyond, I should think it must be an interesting one. Expecting a car, however, to be in waiting for me at Leenane, I was true to my bargain with the boatmen, who had taken advantage of my hour-and-a-half's absence to spread their nets and ensnare a fine salmon, and were making towards the shore when I reached it. It was a delightful hour—that

which was occupied in rowing up the Killery. It is from the water only, that scenery of this kind is seen in perfection. A blue sky—a perfect calm —mild air—and magnificent scenery—united in furnishing forth a banquet of enjoyment; and I reached the house of *Jack Joyce*, fully disposed to be pleased with whatever the helpmate of this renowned person should set before me.

This is one of the most noted spots in these wilds; and the owner, one of the most noted persons. The Joyces, I have already said, are a large race; but Jack Joyce is huge, even among *them*. He is as near akin to a giant as a man can well be, without being every bit a giant. In breadth, height, muscle, and general aspect, he is like a man—if not of another race—the descendant of another race. Jack Joyce looks upon himself as the greatest man for many a mile round; as a sort of king of that country—Joyce's country—as indeed he is. King Dan is a very inferior person to him there. But, beware reader! and address this individual in some phraseology more respectful, than by the name he commonly bears. The salutation "How are you Jack?" or "Jack Joyce, my fine

fellow, how do you do?" might be followed by an uncourteous reception. "Mr. Joyce, I am delighted to make the acquaintance of the representative of all the Joyces;" or "Have I the pleasure of seeing before me Mr. Joyce, to whose ancestors this country once belonged?" would be salutations more likely to ensure a good reception. And, besides, Jack Joyce is really worth conversing with: he is a shrewd, intelligent, plain-spoken man; but not, of course, inclined to favour with his conversation, those who do not pay him the respect to which he thinks himself entitled. For my part, I could not have addressed a king of one of the South-sea islands with more respect; and I found my advantage in it: the head of the Joyces was most courteous and communicative; and the mistress of the house, perceiving the favourable reception of the guest, strove to do her part. Here, however, the will was better than the deed. I was still in the heart of the salmon country. No place indeed is more famous for salmon than this same spot; and accordingly, salmon, in all its varieties, was set before me,—as much of it as would have dined a score persons of ordinary dimensions and appetite,

with a pyramid of potatos in the middle, in perfect keeping with the enormous dishes by which it was flanked. Room was also found on the table for a double-sized bottle of whiskey: water appeared to be a beverage not much in repute there.

I purposed going forward to Westport that evening, and, indeed, actually set out; but I changed my mind. It would have been dark before I could have reached Westport; and I do not approve of passing through a strange country in the dark. Do not suppose I mean to question the security of travelling in these parts. I mean only to question the propriety of passing, in the dark, through a country which one wishes to see. The traveller need be under no apprehension in any part of Ireland. Irish outrages are never committed upon strangers; and however strong the disposition may be, among the peasantry of Ireland, to oppose the law, and screen delinquents, I do not believe an outrage, committed on a stranger and a traveller, would receive anything but condemnation from all classes.

A two or three hours' ramble among the mountains spent the evening much to my mind. It was

as splendid an evening, as it had been a day. Every mountain top was clear; and from some neighbouring heights, all the Mayo mountains were placed in magnificent amphitheatre before me,—the celebrated "Reek" in the midst of them, raising its cone, sharp and clear above them all. An hour's chat with *the* Joyce, and the accompaniment of a glass of whiskey and water, finished the day: and notwithstanding that the way-farer's bedroom in the house of *Jack Joyce*, had not much to boast of, over the accommodation of Mr. Flynn, at the half-way house, fatigue kindly rendered me insensible to all annoyances.

CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Westport—Westport—The Hotel—The Linen Trade of Westport—Land and Rents in this District—Exports of Westport—Market Day—Proofs of Poverty—Ridiculous Pride of the People of Mayo—Lord Sligo—Landlords and their Tenants, Priests and Agitators—Lord Sligo's Domain—The Petty Sessions at Westport—The "Reek"—Achill Island, and the Mullet—Road to Castlebar—Cabins and their Inmates—Going to Harvest—Castlebar and its Trade—The late reduction of Duty on Irish Spirits, and its probable effects.

At an early hour, I left Leenane, for Westport. I had now dropped pedestrianism, and travelled by a car, along a smooth and somewhat hilly road, with an exceedingly pleasant country on either side. It was still a mountain country; but cultivation was beginning to be seen here and there; patches of corn, and of potatos, were scattered along the edges of the bogs; and the whole district shewed symptoms of a dawning improvement, need-

ing but enterprise, the security of capital, and good inland communications, in order to mature it. All the way to Westport, the mountain ranges are seen to great advantage; the "Reek," or "Crow Patrick," still conspicuous among them all.

I had intended to have reached Westport to a late breakfast; but hunger assailed me by the way; and as it was necessary to bait the horse, I took advantage of the halt, to get some oat cake, milk, and eggs, in a neighbouring house. It was not an inn; but I was made welcome. The inmates, who held their land under Lord Sligo, were small farmers, possessing as much land (in the lump, as they call it), as fed forty head of cattle, five cows, and a few horses; and the rent was thirty shillings. The lease, however, was an old one. I make this remark, because the low rent I have mentioned, might otherwise lead to the supposition, that the Marquis of Sligo's land is remarkably low let, which is not generally the case. The people with whom I breakfasted, were as comfortable as the ideas and habits of the people permit any small land occupier in Ireland to be. They consumed their own milk and butter, and raised enough of corn to

pay the rent, and to afford oaten bread and potheen besides.

As I approached Westport, the country greatly improved in cultivation. More cattle, too, were seen on the hill sides; wood began to assume a respectable growth; and the cottages became frequent. Some time before reaching the town, the fine bay, with its many islands, was seen on the left,—the majestic "Reek" rising directly from its shore; and after a very agreeable drive of four hours, I was set down at the door of Robinson's Hotel,—the very best hotel in Ireland, without excepting even "the Imperial" of Cork. It is singular that such an hotel should be found in a town in the extreme west of the remote county of Mayo. I cannot account for this; I only know the fact; and can assure the reader, that he will not find at Gresham's, in Dublin, — scarcely even in the Clarendon,—a more *recherché* dinner, than Mrs. Robinson will put before him. It is true, indeed, he will pay something more for his dinner, as well as for his bed-room, than in more ordinary places; but for my part, I was well content to do this, after a fortnight's Lent, and Jack Joyce's bed-room.

Westport is rather a nice-looking town. It boasts of more than one good street; and in the middle of the town there is a mall, with a pretty stream running in the centre of it, and with rows of fine trees on either side. The gate opening into Lord Sligo's park, is at one end of the mall; and the houses which line both sides, are respectable. The hotel occupies a large portion of one side.

Westport was once a very flourishing town. The linen trade was extensively carried on there; and eight years ago, as many as nine hundred pieces were measured and sold on a market-day. Now the quantity scarcely averages one hundred pieces. Taking the whole district, including Westport, Castlebar, Newport Pratt, and Balinrobe, and the intermediate country, about five hundred pieces are sold weekly; and about 30,000 persons are supposed to be, less or more, employed in the trade. No trade gives such universal employment as this: not fewer than sixty persons are employed, from first to last, in preparing a web of linen.

The linen trade in this district, and most probably in other districts, is the source of all the extras

which are obtained beyond the absolute necessaries of life. The land is let in very small portions; seven or eight acres is about the usual size of a "take." Potatos are raised for the family consumption; grain, to pay the rent; and the flax is destined for clothing and extras. The decline of the linen trade has produced great want of employment; and the condition of the agriculturists throughout these distrfcts has very much deteriorated. Many much smaller landholders than those I have mentioned, were attracted by the linen trade; and now, therefore, the want of employment is the more felt. A man with three children, could formerly earn 10*s.* a week with ease. Land is generally sufficiently high let in this neighbourhood, except the old takes, which are low. I found a man occupying three acres in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and paying only 4*l.* for the whole. He told me he had married five daughters, and had given four cows to each, as a marriage portion. The poverty of the county of Mayo, is chiefly found in the lower parts of it; not so much in the mountainous districts. In these, the people are circumstanced much the same as in Cunnemara.

Westport possesses a considerable export trade in grain. About 15,000 tons are exported,—of which, the largest portion is oats; the next, barley; and the smallest portion, wheat. There are extensive corn stores on the quay; and the harbour is good and secure.

The day after my arrival in Westport chanced to be market-day. The town had an appearance of considerable business; but, with the exception of manufactured linen, this appearance was deceptive. It is true, there were many people in the market, and much buying and selling; but the articles brought to market were, in most cases, of very trifling value. I saw hundreds of women, standing with but a couple of hanks of linen yarn, worth a shilling or two; hundreds, with an apron full of wool, worth much less. Some of these bundles of wool, indeed, were the shearings of one or two sheep, the exclusive property of the farmer's wife or daughter, and were sent to be converted into ribbons or gloves; but notwithstanding these exceptions, it is certain that there is much evidence of the poverty of the surrounding country, in the small value of the articles brought to market, and

in the great distance which they are carried. I know of three, two, and even *one* egg, being brought to Westport from a distance of two miles. I saw a girl take her seat in the market with five eggs, worth one penny halfpenny; and she had walked an Irish mile and a half to bring them to market.

It is a singular fact, however, that along with this poverty, and this necessity, the most absurd pride should prevail amongst the country people. They have an objection to bring to market, or offer for sale, anything which might be supposed to be consumed at home. One does not see in a West of Ireland market, the wholesome spectacle of a row of farmers' wives and daughters, with their baskets of butter, and their hens and ducks cackling at their feet. The Irish landholder's wife is above this. If necessity compels her, as it generally does, to dispose of her poultry, she does it by stealth, and offers them as if they were not fairly come by. They carry the chickens under their cloaks, and generally get within the door before uncovering their goods. I have myself heard a woman, who offered two chickens for sale, open the negociation

by assigning some particular reason for the step.' This ridiculous pride I have found in other parts of Ireland; but nowhere to so great an extent as in the county of Mayo.

The absence of Lord Sligo from Westport, cannot be otherwise than a serious loss; and of this, the inhabitants are fully sensible. I heard nothing to Lord Sligo's prejudice, excepting, that like many other Irish noblemen and gentlemen, he was disgusted with what he considered the ingratitude of the people of Westport and its neighbourhood; and had withdrawn his countenance and favour from the town and its inhabitants, long before he left the country for Jamaica. In this course, he, and all others who have so acted, were wrong. Supposing it to be ingratitude, to oust any noble family from the political position it has held in a county (and this is only supposition, since it depends altogether upon the character and conduct of the family), the ignorant, and misguided, are punished by the landlord, for being ignorant and misguided,—which is evidently unjust. Good and bad men have alike been driven from the representation of counties and boroughs in Ireland, by

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agitation: but in all cases,—in cases in which the people were wrong, as well as in those where they were right, they were originally mere tools in the hands of the resident working agitators, — the priests,—who were themselves tools in the hands of the absentee master agitator. Some change has now taken place in this. O'Connell does not work now, so much through the medium of the priests, as directly upon the people, by epistles and speeches; and my persuasion is, that the fiats of O'Connell would be obeyed, even if the priesthood opposed them. I believe it frequently happens now, and will happen still more frequently, that it is the priest, who, through self-interest, finds it necessary to move with the people,—not the people who are incited to agitation by the priest. This, I know to be the opinion of several of the more respectable Catholic dignitaries, who are opposed to O'Connell and agitation.

The domain of Lord Sligo, at Westport, is small, but wonderfully beautiful; partly by the gifts of nature; but more by the operations of art. The house stands charmingly, at the head of a little artificial lake, which is separated by an

embankment from the sea, that at high water, rises almost to a level with the lake. The view from the windows of the house, is beautiful. Abundance of fine timber is scattered over the domain, particularly ash; and the disposition of the wood, is worthy of its great variety and fine growth.

I attended a petty sessions at Westport; and found a good deal to interest me. The classes of cases were the same as I had already seen elsewhere; but there was some little difference in the character of the assault cases, which were of a less barbarous kind than those which I had seen tried at the Tralee sessions. Here also, were more cases of larceny, which had been very rare farther south. I found at Westport, the same contempt of truth, the same disregard of an oath, the same clanship, as I had found elsewhere. Most of the cases tried, originated in the competition for, or possession of, land. Many, were cases of trespass; many, cases in which the driving of cattle to pound, created contention, and outrage; and some, cases of disputed possession of land and houses, which had also been the cause of outrage.

The clerk of the sessions informed me, that the criminal business has greatly increased, since the decline of the linen trade; and that it rarely happened, that those in full employment, were implicated in any matter requiring magisterial interference. I saw less formality, and more of the free and easy, at the sessions here, than I had seen elsewhere. Every one took a part in what was going on. Lord Sligo's driver, who was sitting near, would say of a witness, "Don't believe it, your worship;" and a clerk, an interpreter, or even a reporter for a newspaper, would suggest a question; and the magistrates would interrogate accordingly.

Many spots in the neighbourhood of Westport are worthy of a visit: the road along the bay, and skirting the "Reek," which rises close to the water, is a very interesting road. I drove ten or twelve miles in this direction; and ascended about a thousand feet up the Reek. It would have been useless to have ascended to the summit, for it was one of those hot and rather hazy days, when a very distant prospect is too indistinct to be attractive. From the more moderate elevation to which I ascended, I enjoyed a finer view. Newport bay,

one of the most capacious on the Irish coast, with its hundreds of islands, lay spread out at my feet, and the opposite mountains of Coraan, and of Achill island, finely bounded the horizon. The ascent of the Reek is not difficult, and I have no doubt, that on a favourable day, the view from the summit would abundantly repay the labour of it. Alas! there are many hundreds who ascend the Reek, with a less rational object,—pilgrims, who flock there, to perform their "stations," and do penance, by laborious, and painful modes of ascent. It was station-time when I was in this neighbourhood; and these deluded creatures might be seen in scores, fair weather and foul, passing along the road to the Reek, and ascending its sides.

I had at one time intended to have visited Achill island; but from information I received from those who knew it well, I concluded that a visit to it, would not be productive of much advantage. I could easily gather, that life, among the people there, or in "the Mullet," differs little, if at all, from life in the remote western parts of Galway, or Kerry, which I had already visited. How, indeed, should it be different, since their means

of existence must be similar, and since civilization has made nearly equal progress throughout them all. I have no doubt, however, that to the traveller whose only object is scenery, and who does not weary of a repetition of the wild and lonely, that an excursion to these parts might possess some interest. To a sportsman, it is certain, that the attractions of Achill and the Mullet, are many.

I now left Westport, for Castlebar. I found the country lying between the two towns, undulating and agreeable; partly under cultivation, but much of it waste. I passed on the left, a pretty loch several miles long, called Loch Dan, with cultivated banks, and adorned by more than one wooded island. I also passed by many flourishing fields of flax, covered with its pretty pale blue flowers. The cottages by the way-side, were all of the poorest description; and the small patches of cultivation round them, and the absence of grazing land, shewed that these people might be classed among the poor of Mayo. I also noticed a good many cabins padlocked; and was told, that the owners had gone to harvesting, either in the Low Countries, or in England. We have certainly no

proof of a want of will among the Irish peasantry to work, in the thousands who travel every season from the remotest parts of Ireland, to earn a pound or two at laborious harvest work; and who carry back, sewed up in the sleeve of their ragged coat, or elsewhere, these hard and far-sought earnings, to pay the rent of their cabin, and bit of potato-land. Let but the violence of party be laid aside; or rather, let government, disregarding the violence of extreme party, steadily pursue a course of moderation, impartiality, consistency, and firmness; removing real grievances; improving the physical condition of the people, by devising means of employment; and acting on their intellect, by a rational education,—and agitators would speedily find agitation a losing trade.

I accosted many individuals, travelling from Mayo and elsewhere, to find harvest work; and always received the same answer to my interrogations. These men had no constant employment at home; and when employed, their wages were six-pence per day: and I was invariably told, that if they could find constant work in their own country, at ten-pence, they would rather remain at home, than

travel to England, even to receive the still higher wages to be earned there. Every year, the number of those who travel to England must diminish; for every year large portions of new ground are brought under tillage.

Castlebar is not so pretty a town as Westport; but it is a place of greater business; and it is a considerably larger and more populous town. There is only one good street in Castlebar; but the town contains many lanes; and has very long, bad suburbs of mud cabins. The retail trade of Castlebar, is necessarily good; for no town of considerable size, lies to the north, nearer than Ballina, and none to the east, nearer than Boyle, a distance of at least forty miles. Castlebar possesses scarcely any direct export trade; but it enjoys a large share of the linen trade of the district,—at least three times more linen being sold in the market of Castlebar, than in that of Westport. It must be understood, however, that the linen market of Castlebar, includes Balinrobe, and its neighbourhood, where there is no market for the linen produced there.

I found great want of employment in Castlebar.

There had recently been a considerable demand for labour on public works,—a new gaol, and new barracks, having been lately constructed; but these works were now completed; and the labour market was consequently more overstocked than before they begun. This is invariably the case with every kind of employment which does not produce capital, or pave the way for investment. The construction of internal communications, and the cultivation of land, are the only kinds of employment, from which improvement in condition, must be certain and progressive. Castlebar and its neighbourhood, are the property of Lord Lucan, who enjoys in Castlebar, the reputation of being a tolerably fair landlord.

I chanced to be at Castlebar when the financial statement of ministers was received, and with it, intelligence of the reduction of duty on Irish spirits. This intelligence suggested the propriety of a few inquiries, by which I might form some opinion as to the policy of that measure, and some judgment as to its operation. The result of these inquiries was not favourable to the policy of the measure. I found that illicit whiskey could be

purchased at one-half the price of legalized whiskey; so that in all probability the measure will be inefficacious. The temptation to distil potheen will still exist, notwithstanding the reduction of duty on legalized whiskey, because its price will still be greatly lower. In order to produce any decidedly good effect, it would be necessary either to reduce the duty on legal whiskey to such an extent, that the trifling difference in price between the legal and the illicit spirit, would be no compensation to the private distiller for his risk,—or else, greatly to increase the duty on spirits, and to make the lands answerable for illicit distillation. If one object of legislating on this subject, be the improvement of morals, the former would be by far the preferable mode. Intoxication and intemperate habits are increased in a tenfold degree by illicit distillation. Not in towns only, but in every cabin throughout the country, the habit of drinking whiskey is acquired by the young; because almost every small landholder distils his own whiskey; and the still itself, is a point of concentration for gossip, or worse—and drinking; a sort of mountain gin-shop, where there is no restraint, from antici-

pation of a reckoning to pay. The diminution of only one shilling in the duty of spirit, will still leave the distiller of potheen a temptation to distil; but if the duty were reduced still another shilling, the advantage of only one shilling in the price of potheen, would not be a compensation for the risk incurred. I could purchase at Castlebar, as much potheen as I had a mind, at 3*s*. 4*d*. the gallon.

CHAPTER VII.

Journey to Ballina and Sligo—Loch Conn, and its Peculiarities—Lord Lucan—Rent-free Possessions—Ballina, and its Situation and Trade—The surrounding Country—Rack-rents and Driving—Detail of Profits—Road to Sligo—Pounds full of Cattle—Land-owners and Land-occupiers—Balisedare—Sligo, and the Beauty of its Environs—Streets, Houses, and Shops—Trade of Sligo—Public Institutions—Condition of the Neighbouring Tenantry—Mr. Wynn—Lord Palmerston—Reply to an anticipated Charge—The People of Sligo—Improved Dress and Appearance—Strange Discrepances—Prices of Provisions—Charming Views—Loch Gilly and Hazelwood—A Day on Loch Gilly.

My route now lay through Mayo, by Loch Conn, to Ballina. I found the first part of this road uninteresting. The country is poor and stony, and offers no object of interest, or subject for reflection. About seven miles from Castlebar, Loch Conn appears at a little distance; and, soon after, the road approaches, and skirts it, though not close to its banks. Loch Conn is a large sheet of water,

not much less than fourteen miles in length; and varying, in breadth, from one to three miles, except at the point of junction, between the upper and lower lake, where the breadth is contracted to narrow river breadth, and where a bridge has been constructed, along which the new road to Ballina and Sligo is carried. The upper lake is entirely devoid of interest: its banks are low, stony, and uncultivated; and even, with all the advantages of a fine evening, it looked positively ugly.

I passed by several farm-houses, newly erected, on the bog and waste land, belonging to Lord Lucan. His lordship has built the houses, and given the adjacent land to tenants, who are to pay no rent during the first seven years. This is so far liberal; but still the tenant has not a sufficient interest in the land he cultivates. To ensure the best possible results, it would be necessary that the cultivator should have a lease for a very long term of years; and that, after the expiration of the seven years, during which no rent was to be paid, the precise rent should be stipulated, during the different periods into which the duration of the lease might be divided; and this rent, especially

during the first periods, should be fixed at a very low rate. It is not sufficient advantage to the cultivator that, during the first seven years of his possession, he pays no rent for uncultivated land, and a moderate rent for the remaining fourteen years of his lease, if, at the expiration of twenty-one years, he is liable to be charged the full value of all his accumulated labour on the land. Yet this, or something akin to it, has been hitherto too much the practice in Ireland. Improvements have been conducted too much on the principle of ultimate benefit to the landlord, solely,—who, in many instances (some of which have come within my knowledge) takes advantage of the competition for land, and deprives the improving tenant of the legitimate fruit of his industry, by charging a rent for the improved land, which it requires its whole produce to pay.

The scenery is agreeable, but not any way striking, at the bridge, which crosses the channel, between the upper and lower lakes. It is a singular fact, for which I shall not endeavour to account, that Loch Conn regularly ebbs and flows, though not at periods corresponding with the tide. The

lake is situated considerably above the level of the sea, and has no tide communication with it. The banks, are in many parts, of a fine sand, which shews the high-water line. The shores of the lower lake, on the west side, abound in little bays and creeks; and shew some bold outlines. The Nephin mountains rise at no great distance from its shore. The eastern banks of Loch Conn are low, and not very interesting. The country, at a little distance from the lake, is singularly ugly, flat, stony, and boggy. Everywhere, however, I saw attempts—and successful attempts—at cultivation; everywhere improvement *progressing*. I never saw finer oats than were growing on land which had only borne one former crop. Sea-weed is universally used here; and is carried a great distance up the country. A navigable communication between Loch Conn and the river Moy, below Ballina, would essentially serve all that part of Mayo which adjoins Loch Conn. Improvement must proceed slowly, where there are no facilities for carrying the produce to market.

Ballina is rather larger, and a better looking town than Castlebar. It has one excellent street,

the greater part of which is nearly new, and which contains many good houses, and shops which would be creditable to any town. It is also a town of very considerable trade. For several years, previous to 1833, the export—chiefly of grain—had reached 10,000 tons. In 1833 it was under 8000; but this decrease was chiefly owing to the failure of a house in the trade; and it was thought that, for 1834, the export would increase at least 1000 tons. The retail trade is considerable; but is sadly crippled by absenteeism, and by the embarrassed circumstances of the squires and squireens.

Ballina has ample facilities for trade: the Moy is navigable from Killala bay to within a mile of the town; and to that point, where there is a good quay, vessels of 200 tons can come up. The river navigation, however, is defective, and stands much in need of improvement.

It is a fine old structure, the bridge at Ballina, and it is a fine river that flows beneath it. Just above the bridge are considerable rapids, and an extensive salmon fishery. Among other objects of interest at Ballina, is the magnificent Catholic chapel, now in course of being erected; and, at a

short distance from the town, Colonel Gore owns a handsome mansion, which is worth a visit.

I found the condition of the poor, in Ballina, bad: and I regretted to learn that the number of poor, in Ballina, is greatly owing to the harshness of the neighbouring landlords, who charge rack-rents, and "drive" for their rent. The state of the land-occupiers in the surrounding country, is what might be expected. The size of farms is from twelve to twenty-four acres; the average of good farms about twenty acres. The land is, of course, of various quality; and the average rent, throughout the baronies, may be stated at about 28*s*. This is certainly more than the land, over-head, can bear. I found many who could live but on the verge of starvation; and many who admitted they were in arrear, and never could pay their arrears. In the course of one of my excursions in the neighbouring country, I found a farmer holding twenty-one acres, at 25*s*. per acre; and about one fourth of this quantity was marsh and bog. The rest was capable of growing oats. Now, let us consider what is likely to be the profit on an acre of oats, for which the farmer pays 25*s*.

Seven barrels of oats, are about the average produce of an acre of land in this part of the country; the value of which, at 12*s.* the barrel, will be 4*l.* 4*s.* The straw may be worth another pound; so that the whole produce of the acre, is 5*l.* 4*s.* We next come to the expenses. The rent is 1*l.* 5*s.*; the seed may be stated at 1*l.* 5*s.*; taxes at 6*s.*; harrowing 3*s.*; tithe (which, up to this time at all events, has been exigible) 10*s.* The whole of these charges amount to 3*l.* 9*s.*, which, being deducted from 5*l.* 4*s.*, the value of the produce, leaves 1*l.* 15*s.*,—which 1*l.* 15*s.*, remains to the farmer for labour, and for the sustenance of his family. This profit, too, is only applicable to those acres of a farm capable of producing oats; but in no farm, is every acre arable. In the farm which led me to make these observations, no profit whatever, excepting the use of turf, would accrue from five of the acres, for each of which, rent was alike charged; and consequently, the 6*l.* 5*s.* of rent paid for these acres, becomes a deduction from the profits of the remaining sixteen,—upon each of which, therefore, the profit is not 1*l.* 15*s.*, but 7*s.* 9¾*d.* less than this sum. Another thing must

also be considered. This is the most valuable crop the farmer can take off his land; and it does not leave the land worth 10*s.* an acre the following year.

Besides the more considerable farmers, there are many very small landholders located on the larger farms; and these are in a miserable condition. I found a number of these individuals gone to the harvesting. I have scarcely anywhere in Ireland, seen more proofs of a pauper population than in Ballina. I counted no fewer than twenty-seven beggars round a coach which was about to start for Castlebar.

After three days spent at Ballina and in its neighbourhood, I proceeded to Sligo. The greater part of the road between Ballina and Sligo, is interesting only as exhibiting proofs of an improving country. An immense tract of bog land on the right, is bounded by a range called the Lurgan hills; and on the left, the sea-line is descried at some considerable distance. Everywhere in this neighbourhood, proofs are seen of recent triumphs obtained over bog and mountain land. Looking on every side, one would say, this is an improving

country. But this improvement in husbandry, and extension of tillage, have not produced any corresponding effects on the condition of the people. The demand for labour still lags far behind the supply; the farmer can barely live out of his land, and has no sufficient permanent interest in his improvements; and between the higher and lower ranks, there is little intercourse, and little amicable relationship. In the early part of this day's journey, I had melancholy demonstration of the frequency of driving for rent. I passed two pounds; in one of which, were three cows and a horse; in another, five cows and three horses.

Where the rent-charge on a farm is a fair one; and where the tenant either will not pay his rent, or through idleness cannot pay it, nobody will dispute the propriety of forcing payment in the one case, and of ejecting the tenant in the other. I do not look upon him as a good landlord, who, after letting his land at its value, permits his tenants to get into arrear. But, I suspect, that driving for rent is rarely necessary, where the rent is regulated by the value of the land. Rent, in Ireland, is most commonly all that can be scraped

together by the farmer, after paying the expense of labour, and seed, and bare subsistence. Wherever an increased profit is possible, rent is increased in proportion; and if we find in any district, advantages, which would seem to bear peculiarly on the favourable condition of the farmer,—such as good roads, navigable communication, or abundance of cheap manure, we do not find the farmers in a better condition; we only find, that higher rents are paid to the landlord. I fear, that so long as this disposition exists, improvements in public works, would tend more to the benefit of the landlord than the tenant. It is little source of congratulation to the traveller in Ireland, that he sees the pigs about the miserable cabin by the road side,—or that he sees within the cabin, a wheel going, or a loom spinning; because, these are only so many evidences of the difficulty of paying rent, and only so many sources of paying it. There are exceptions no doubt; and where the linen trade exists, which is inherently a profitable trade, the loom is frequently the source of little comforts: but this is only confined to certain districts.

A few miles before reaching Sligo, a fine sea

view opens on the left,—an extensive bay, indented by numerous narrower and picturesque inlets, with lofty boundaries, and in many places, not wanting in wood. The situation of the little town of Balisedare, about four miles from Sligo, is extremely pretty. A foaming stream dashes in a succession of fine rapids, past the town, and by the road side; and a narrow and picturesque sea bay comes up nearly to these rapids. A straight and broad road runs between Balisedare and Sligo, which I reached a little before night-fall.

The situation of Sligo is beautiful: it stands in a rich, highly cultivated, and finely wooded country. A magnificent bay, with lofty banks, lies to the west; a fine river flows through the town; and towards the east, the banks of the river upwards, are redolent of every kind of beauty, and soon expand into Loch Gilly,—one of the most lovely of the Irish lakes, and to which I shall presently conduct the reader.

Sligo has the look of a town of some consequence,—more so, I think, than any town I had seen since leaving Limerick. In streets, houses, bustle, and shops, Sligo holds a respectable rank.

The latter, indeed, are scarcely surpassed, even by those of Cork or Limerick. The retail trade, too, is very extensive; for Sligo is the chief mart for the north-west of Ireland; and without a due consideration of the geographical situation of Sligo, one might feel surprise at the very extensive warehouses of groceries, cloths, cottons, cutlery, &c. But Sligo stands in a very populous neighbourhood; and is itself, a large town, containing at least 15,000 inhabitants; and there is no town of any note westward, nearer than Ballina; eastward, nearer than Enniskillen; northward, nearer than Ballyshannon; and southward, nearer than Boyle; the nearest of these towns nearly thirty miles distant.

The export trade of Sligo, is the largest in the north-west of Ireland. It consists chiefly of grain, and is steadily increasing. The export of oats from Sligo, in 1831, was 136,000 quarters; in 1832, it was 134,000 quarters; and in 1833, it had increased to 154,000 quarters. The export of wheat also, has trebled within these three years: 3127 quarters were exported in 1833. The butter trade of Sligo too, is increasing; steadily and rapidly. Not fewer than 150,000 casks were

exported from December, 1832, to December, 1833. The provision trade has trebled within the last three years: and the pork trade has doubled itself; 8547 barrels were exported in 1833. The tonnage inwards, in 1833, was 19,600; the tonnage outwards, in 1831, was 21,000; in 1832, 19,452; in 1833, 36,000. The tonnage of foreign trade inwards, in 1833, was 3462.

Sligo enjoys some general trade; and counts among her citizens, some rich merchants. The general trade is chiefly in timber, and to the Baltic. Sligo has no manufactures. The linen trade scarcely exists. There are three breweries; and one distillery: but the distillery is not at work.

There are two Protestant churches in Sligo; a fever hospital, dispensaries, a mendicity society, a gaol,—handsome, like all the new gaols in Ireland; and no fewer than three libraries,—one, a public subscription library, and two circulating libraries. These were the first libraries I had seen, since leaving Limerick.

Religious and political animosity prevails to a considerable extent in Sligo. This I have generally found to be the case in Ireland, wherever

there is not an overwhelming majority on one side. The Conservative, and Protestant population of Sligo, and the surrounding country, is large—of which there is a pretty strong evidence in the fact, that the only newspaper published in Sligo, is high Tory.

The chief proprietors of the town of Sligo, are Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Wynn. The land in the barony, especially Mr. Wynn's, is let extremely high. Mr. Wynn's tenants are, with very few exceptions, in arrear; but he is one of those short-sighted landlords, who is resolved at all costs to keep up the nominal amount of his rent-roll. His rents are taken in dribbles,—in shillings and copper; and agents have been known to accompany tenants to market with their produce, lest any part of its value should escape the landlord's pocket. This gentleman has been at great pains to establish a Protestant tenantry on his estate; and in the appearance of their houses, &c., there is some neatness, and some shew of comfort: but these are not in reality, in any better condition than the other tenantry. None of them are able to do more than barely to subsist; and they, as well as the

Catholic tenantry, are generally in arrear: indeed, I found no one exception. The whole land in this barony, averages 2*l.* 5*s.* per acre. In the county, it is supposed, that excluding bog and mountain land, it averages 26*s.*; and good cultivated land may average 2*l.* There is no living, and paying such rents.

Lord Palmerston's property is an honourable exception. On an estate between Sligo, and Ballyshannon, his lordship expends more in improvements,—in roads, drains, piers, corn stores, &c., than the amount of the whole revenue of the estate. In every way, improvements, and an improving tenantry are encouraged; and the people on that estate, are in a comparatively comfortable condition. This is one of the few instances I found, in which the tenantry on an estate, were allowed to benefit by the advantages and improvements of the district.

I lay my account with being blamed by some, for mentioning landlords by name; but, for this course, I expect to be commended by others. My desire is, not only to tell truths, but to tell them in the way most likely to produce some good results.

First, as regards the public: general statements carry little weight with them. Now I want to enlist the public on my side, and constrain belief: but if I merely say, rents are high in this neighbourhood, or in that neighbourhood, I tell little more than the public know, because rents are well known to be generally high throughout Ireland; whereas, if I tell what amount of rent is paid, and to whom it is paid, my statement carries with it an authority, and makes an impression which no general statement could do. Then, in the next place, as regards landlords. Why should I confound the good with the bad? But if I made a general statement, that rents were high in a certain neighbourhood, I should be acting unfairly towards those, to whom the observation is not applicable. No just and humane landlord will be displeased at the favourable mention of his name; and if those of whom a less favourable mention is made, be displeased, my object is thereby partly helped; because if it be displeasing to a man to be told that he is heartless and oppressive, it is possible he may wish to avoid a repetition of that which is unpleasant, by removing the cause. But above all, in naming some hard

landlords, I fix the public eye upon them; and that is something. The bad landlords of Ireland deserve no favour: their sordidness, injustice, and oppression; their carelessness of those who depend upon them; their heartless desertion of their country: what have these not done? How much misery,—how much poverty,—how much crime are they answerable for? And why, then, should the bad landlords of Ireland be spared? Spectacles of misery may not move them; the supplications of those whom they oppress, may be unheard,—or if heard, unheeded; but the severe eye of public reprobation, is difficult to withstand; and the measure of justice, which mercy and compassion would never deal out, may be made to run over by the strong tide of public reproof. But to return.

Sligo is a decidedly improving town. With the exception of two or three months in the year, there is employment for the people; and I did not observe many symptoms in the town, of a pauper population. In the general aspect of the population, I perceived an improvement. I saw fewer tatters than I had been accustomed to; and fewer bare feet on market-day, when all wear shoes and

stockings who can. I observed also, that a large proportion of the men wore clean linen shirts. The poor of Sligo are not increased in numbers by ejectments in the country. This is not the practice of the landlords here. They do not drive for rent, or eject. They excuse the arrear, and allow the tenant to quit. This has the appearance, at first sight, of generosity; but it is, in fact, matter of necessity. Exorbitant rents are irrecoverable by driving, or by any other means. How much more rational it would be, to lower rents, and actually, to receive the amount of one's rent-roll.

I found at Sligo, a considerable change in the dress and manners of the people. Here, I could not discover any traces of Spanish origin. The women were no longer seen with the hoods of their cloaks thrown over their heads; nor were the men seen with huge top coats, as in the more south-western parts. The women wore caps and bonnets; and the girls, nothing on their heads. There appeared to be much love of dress among all ranks; and among the lower classes, singular discrepances. A well-dressed woman might be seen carrying in her arms, a baby decked out in muslin, lace, and

ribbon, and by her side, a boy running with bare feet and ragged clothes: or a girl with a tattered gown, and without shoes and stockings, might display a fine shawl, or a handsome frill.

Sligo is a cheap town. Besides the regular markets, every kind of meat is carried from door to door; mutton so bought, averages 4*d.* per lb.; beef, 6*d.*; pork, 2*d.*; flour was 2*s.* 6*d.* the first quality, and 1*s.* 10*d.* second quality, when I visited Sligo. Potatos, were 3½*d.* a stone; butter, was 7*d.* per lb.; a pair of fowls, 10*d.*; a good turkey, in the season, costs 2*s.*; a green goose, 10*d.* Potheen whiskey might be purchased 2*s.* 6*d.* under the price of parliament whiskey.

Sligo possesses the ruins of a once spacious monastery; the remains are yet extensive, and some parts of them are in tolerable preservation. Three sides of the cloister yet remain entire, covered with an arched roof; and the pillars and arches are of good workmanship. The east window is beautiful; and some tombs within, exhibit considerable elegance of design. The monastery is said to have been founded in the year 1245.

The environs of Sligo are beautiful. The day

after I reached Sligo, I ascended an inconsiderable hill, called "the Cairns," at a short distance from the town, and enjoyed a prospect from it, which is not often commanded from higher elevations;—a beautiful lake, dotted with islands, fringed with wood, and its banks adorned by fine country seats, and extensive lawns; a broad river, running from the lake, through a rich, green, shaded, and picturesque country; a bay of the sea, with magnificent mountain boundaries; and beyond, the great ocean itself; a town, with its mass of buildings, and ancient remains; and a wide, undulating, richly wooded, and picturesque country, with many villages, seats, and cottages;—such is the assemblage of objects which form the prospect, from the elevation called "the Cairns."

But the chief object of attraction, in the neighbourhood of Sligo, is Loch Gilly; a lake which is not sufficiently known, to enjoy the reputation it deserves. I hired a boat at Sligo, and ascended the river, through a succession of beautiful scenery, to the domain of Hazelwood, the property of Mr. Wynn. This is a very lovely spot: the views of the lake, from a hundred points, are enchanting;

and, in the disposition of lawn, wood, and shrubbery, taste and art have taken ample advantage of the gifts of nature. Finer evergreens I never saw in the most southern counties. The laurels and bays—grown into great trees—rivalled, if they did not surpass, those of Woodstock or Curraghmore; and here, I again found the arbutus,—not indeed quite equal in its perfections to the arbutus of Killarney, but not greatly its inferior; and giving to the scenery all that advantage of colouring, which is the boast of Killarney. The timber too, on this domain, is equal to almost any I have seen; and I often found myself pausing before some magnificent ash, oak, elm, or lime, throwing its deep shade across the green amphitheatre, which it seemed to have made for itself.

But I must not forget Loch Gilly, which indeed, it would be difficult to do. The domain of Hazelwood extends over that part of the banks of the river, where it widens into the lake, and forms the first promontory, and receding shore of the latter. I walked across the promontory, and embarked on the lake on the other side. Loch Gilly is about eight miles long; and from one to two broad; and,

in the character of beauty, will bear a comparison with any lake in Ireland. Its scenery is not stupendous—scarcely even anywhere bold; but it is "beautiful exceedingly." Its boundaries are not mountains; but hills of sufficient elevation to form a picturesque and striking outline. The hill sides, which in some places rise abruptly from the water, and which in others, slope more gently, are covered to a considerable elevation, with wood; and the lake is adorned by twenty-three islands, almost every one of them finely wooded. Here too, as well as on Hazelwood domain, I found that the arbutus is not confined to Killarney. The extent of Loch Gilly is highly favourable to its beauty. The eye embraces, at once, its whole length and breadth; the whole circumference of its shores; all their varieties and contrasts at once; all its islands. One charm is not lost in the contemplation of another—as in a greater lake. The whole is seen at once, and enjoyed. I remained many hours on Loch Gilly, rowing here and there, or not moving at all; landing on its islands, two of which—Church island and Cottage island—are full of beauty; putting ashore in little coves and inlets; and visit-

ing a holy well, two or three hundred yards from the banks; where I saw eleven devotees, four of whom went, from station to station, on their knees. I also visited a house of public resort near the lake, to which the citizens of Sligo resort on Sundays; and tasted their favourite beverage, which is called *scolteen;* and is composed of the following *elegant* ingredients—whisky, eggs, sugar, butter, caraway seed, and beer.

The inhabitants of Sligo did not appear to me a healthy race; I thought I never saw so many sickly pale-faced people. It is possible that fancy may have assisted this conclusion, having heard so much of the extraordinary visitation of cholera, which, two years before, threatened to depopulate the town. Nowhere, in Ireland, did cholera rage with such deadly violence, as in Sligo; and I found in the town, when I visited it, the greatest dread of its re-appearance,—a few cases having appeared at Ballina, and in some of the intervening villages.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Boyle and Enniskillen—Singular Usage—Loch Arrow—Boyle—Boyle Abbey—Lord Lorton—Land and Tenantry—Domestic Feelings and Home Comforts in England and in Ireland—Rockingham House—Carrick-on-Shannon—Loch Allen, and the Source of the Shannon—Arigna Iron Works—The Shannon Navigation—Journey to Enniskillen—Ballinamore—The People of this District—Swalinbar—Florence Court—Approach to Enniskillen—Situation of the Town, and Beauty of its Environs—Prosperity of Enniskillen—A respectable Population—Neighbouring Proprietors—Lords Enniskillen, Ely, and Belmore—Trade of Enniskillen—Prices of Provisions—Castle Coole.

My route now lay in an opposite direction from the coast, and the great northern coast road. I was desirous of visiting some parts of the interior of the country, which I had not been able to comprehend in any former part of my journey: and, first, I shaped my course to Boyle, which lies about thirty miles south of Sligo, in the county of Ros-

common, purposing to proceed from thence, by Carrick-on-Shannon, across the counties of Leitrim and Cavan, to Enniskillen, and its interesting environs.

The first few miles of the road, from Sligo to Boyle, I found to be the same as I had already travelled. I passed through the village of Ballisadere; but then struck to the left, skirting the pretty village of Coloony. Beyond this village I found a fertle and tolerably well cultivated country —a considerable part of it, however, under pasture —and no greater part of it bog-land than might probably be wanted for consumption. I was surprised to meet, every few hundred yards on this road, carts heavily laden with country people, many of them of the lowest orders, and, with different articles of furniture piled upon, or attached to the carts; and I learned, with some astonishment, that all these individuals were on their way to sea-bathing. This is a universal practice over these parts of Ireland. A few weeks passed at the sea-side is looked upon to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of health; and persons, of all classes, migrate thither, with their families. In my way to

Boyle, I met upwards of twenty carts laden with women, children, and boys. One may ask how the people afford this annual expense? but the expense is extremely small. There are numerous cabins and cottages, at the lower end of Sligo, on the bay, in which a room is hired at 1*s.* 6*d.* per week. This is almost the whole of the expense; for all carry with them, besides their beds and an iron pot,—a quantity of meal, some sacks of potatos,—and even turf, if there be room for it.

The road to Boyle runs all the way by the side of the river Arrow; a pretty, clear, rapid stream, as its name would denote; and flowing out of a lake of the same name. After reaching the lake, the road continues to skirt its bank, though the grounds attached to some gentlemen's seats intervene between the road and the lake. Loch Arrow is a pretty lake, about seven miles long, and from one to two broad; and without presenting any very striking beauties, the scenery of its shores is of a very pleasing kind. There are sloping, green, and cultivated banks; finely wooded promontories,—low, but stretching far into the lake;

and some very green islands, reposing on the still waters.

After leaving Loch Arrow, the road ascended considerably, and passed through a wilder, and very poor country. I never saw poorer cabins than in passing through this district. Many of them were not to be distinguished from the mud heaps around: they were fully as black, and no bigger; and built of the same material. Scarcely a patch of cultivation was visible around any of them.

The first view of Boyle and its neighbourhood, from the heights by which I approached, is very striking. Loch Key, and the adjacent splendid domain of Lord Lorton, with its spreading woods, and islands, lie a few miles to the left; and Boyle itself, far below, yet built on a rising ground, embosomed in wood, looks like a spot where one might expect to find comfort and repose. And this expectation is not disappointed: for the inn at Boyle—there is but one—is excellent, and offers an agreeable contrast to the more ambitious hotel at Sligo. Let me not omit to do a good turn, when I chance to have an opportunity. After

spending three days, very uncomfortably at one hotel in Sligo, I tried the hotel kept by Mrs. Ross; and I recommend all travellers to try Mrs. Ross in the first instance. There is nothing very attractive without, but there is a fair share of comfort within.

Boyle is a very pretty town, situated on a fine rapid river, of the same name. It is but a very small town; but it is neat, and tolerably clean; and has a great deal of wood, and a fine country round it. It also contains a particularly fine ruin, called Boyle Abbey; certainly one of the most beautiful ruins I have seen in Ireland. There is a nave, a choir, and transepts, and a square tower, rising from the centre of the cross. One pauses too under many fine arches, and surveys some curious workmanship; and the mere lover of the picturesque, will be greatly gratified with the general outline of the ruin,—its situation, the moss-grown and ivied walls, and the great ash tree that grows within them.

The town, and whole district of country round, is the property of Lord Lorton. I spent some time in the neighbourhood of Boyle, and made myself acquainted as far as I was able, with the

condition of the people. This I found to be very various. All, who held their land on old leases, I found to be comfortable: rents were decidedly low; and the farmers admitted, that they could pay their rent, and even save a little money. Lord Lorton has lately divided those holdings which have lapsed, into farms of sixteen acres each, and given new leases: no smaller holdings than these are allowed. In the present state of Ireland, I have my doubts whether a landlord be justified in this course, unless he has a tract of unreclaimed land, whereon to offer those a holding, who are dispossessed; or pays the expense of emigration, for those who wish to take advantage of it. Driving for rent, is not practised on Lord Lorton's estate. When three half-years are unpaid, the tenant is ejected; but the arrear is forgiven. There is no reasonable objection to this course; but if the adoption of it becomes frequently necessary, the necessity of having recourse to it, might naturally suggest a reduction of rent. The new leases on these estates are for short periods, and the rents are not exorbitantly high. Many very small holders are located on the land in this neighbourhood, by

the farmers who hold old leases. These, in conformity with the system pursued by Lord Lorton, will by and by be cleared. The tenants on this estate pay nothing for turf, and some poor creatures are permitted to earn a trifle by cutting and selling it in the town. I should say of the agriculturists of this part of Ireland generally, that they are able to pay their rents, and live off their land. I noticed great deficiency of cross roads in this part of the country. Many farmers and farm-houses appeared to have scarcely any access to them at all.

In my visits among the country people here, I could not help making an observation, which had been repeatedly forced upon my attention in other parts of Ireland; I allude to the less affection that exists between man and wife, among the country people in Ireland, than is found to adorn domestic life in the humbler spheres on the other side of the water. I think no one can have visited many of the Irish cabins and farm-houses, without having been struck with this fact. Marriage is not, among these classes in Ireland, the same thing which it is among the like classes in England. It is seldom the result

of long and tried affection on both sides; but is either a rash step, taken by unthinking children, or else a mere mercenary bargain, in which the woman has little voice, and in which her partner is actuated solely by sordid views. I have no doubt, that the effects of this are not altogether unimportant as regards the condition of the people of Ireland. Who can say, how much of those home comforts which are gathered around the hearth of an English country fire-side, is the result of that strife for mutual happiness, which can arise only from mutual affection; or how much of that utter want of, and indifference to comfort, which characterize an Irish cabin, may arise from the absence of domestic feelings?

Rockingham-house, the seat of Lord Lorton, is situated about five miles from Boyle, and is every way a magnificent place. The domain is of great extent, and nature and art have combined to render it attractive. It is seldom that so fine a lake as Loch Key, lies partly within a domain; but Rockingham possesses this advantage. The house stands upon an elevation, sloping down to the lake, which, with its many wooded islands and promon-

tories, is spread out below. These islands are extremely beautiful: fine timber and beautiful verdure, cover most of them; and upon some, are seen the ruins of castles and of religious edifices.

Rockingham-house is one of the most celebrated in Ireland. Mr. Neld, in his survey of the county of Roscommon, says, "one of the most striking peculiarities of the house, consists in its very insulated position, no office of any kind being visible; but the whole being surmounted by beautiful shorn grass, interspersed with beds of flowers and ornamented walks. This arrangement has been effected by having most of the offices of the basement story covered over, and subterranean passages carried from underneath the eminence on which the house stands, towards the lake in one direction, and in another, towards the stables, which stand at a considerable distance, screened by trees; the covered passage, however, does not reach the whole way to the latter; but merely far enough to prevent the appearance of movement near the mansion." Rockingham-house has another peculiarity. It is built solely of marble; of which, a specimen of the highest polish, and of an ornamental form, is seen

on the great staircase. The marble was obtained from a quarry belonging to Lord Lorton, on these estates. Every part of Lord Lorton's domain is kept in excellent order; and his lordship constantly employs a great many men upon his estate, at 1*s.* per day.

I now left Boyle for Enniskillen, by slow and short journeys. For several miles after leaving Boyle, the road skirts Lord Lorton's domain, and then passes through a rather fine country, to Carrick-on-Shannon. Here, I again found that majestic river which I had parted from a month before; and I still found it the same noble stream. The Shannon, at Carrick, is upwards of two hundred miles from the sea: and I scarcely could discover any diminution of the stream, which flows a hundred miles lower down. From Carrick and its neighbourhood, I made two excursions; one down, and another up the river. There is much interest in the banks of the river for ten or twelve miles down, passing Jamestown and Drumsna. Up the river, the interest is less. Leitrim is a miserable little place; and betwixt that town,—the last on the Shannon,—and Loch Allen, there is little attraction.

Loch Allen is certainly the true source of the Shannon. Like every other lake, Loch Allen has its feeders. Two considerable streams fall in at its head; and many small rivulets,—upwards of twenty in number,—fall into it from different directions around; but these are the feeders of Loch Allen, not the source of the Shannon. It is only where a great river enters a lake, after a long previous course, that the lake is not properly the source of the river which flows out of it. Such, for example, is the Rhone, which, after a long course, enters the lake of Geneva, which is nothing more than an expansion of the Rhone: but as nothing deserving the name of a river flows into the head of Loch Allen, the loch is certainly entitled to be considered the source of the Shannon.

Loch Allen is not in itself an interesting, or beautiful, or picturesque lake; neither is the scenery on its banks sufficiently bold, to make the smallest approach to grandeur: it is merely wild and solitary; and the only further interest which the lake possesses, arises from its being the source of the Shannon. The lake is embosomed in hills of a moderate elevation, not picturesque in their

outline, nor clothed with wood; and there are some, though not many islands, scattered over its surface; and upon one of them, a small monastic remain is still visible. Loch Allen is about seven miles long, and varies from one to four in breadth; and its average depth is said to be greater than any of the lower expansions of the Shannon. The chief mountain boundary of the lake, is "the Iron Mountain,"—so designated from the riches which it contains in this valuable metal. In all the gullies which have been worn by the mountain floods, iron ore is to be found in great abundance, both in large masses and in minute particles; and the under strata of the neighbouring heights, is composed of alternate layers of iron and limestone. It is now more than forty years since iron works have been established in this neighbourhood, known by the name of the Arigna iron works,—Arigna being the name of the stream which flows by them; and which joins the Shannon, just as it flows out of Loch Allen,—one branch of the river, indeed, emptying itself into the lake. Little advantage has hitherto resulted from working the Arigna iron works; but there is little reason to doubt, that—the

Shannon navigation being now extended to Loch Allen—capital embarked in these works would find a profitable investment.

I had now seen the banks of the Shannon from its mouth to its source; and I think I may venture to say, that although we cannot find on the banks of the Shannon, that precipitous wood scenery, which distinguishes the Rhine, nor the extreme richness and softness, which lie along the Loire, or the Garonne,—infinitely greater variety is found throughout the course of the Shannon, than is presented either on these, or any other rivers that I recollect. And the Shannon possesses one attribute, which, as far as I know, is exclusively its own. It is navigable (with some slight interruptions) from its mouth to its source, a distance of 234 miles. In the extent of its navigation, therefore, though not of its course, it ranks with many of the great continental rivers. The interruptions to its navigation, which consist of rapids here and there, have all been overcome by canal cuts; though much yet remains to be done, both in improving the canals, and the navigation of the river itself. The whole fall of the Shannon, from Loch Allen to

the sea, is one hundred and forty-six feet,—which is only seven inches and a fraction in the mile: and it is a curious fact, that the greatest fall is not during the first part of its course, which one might naturally expect, but in that part which approaches the sea. From Killaloe to Limerick, a distance of but fifteen miles, the fall is ninety-seven feet; and from the source of the river to Killaloe, the whole fall is but forty-nine feet.

I now left Carrick, for Enniskillen. The road from Carrick to Ballinamore possesses but little interest. A number of small lakes, with one of considerable size, lie on both sides of the road; but none of them possess any remarkable attractions; and the country is in general poor, and badly cultivated. I visited one or two houses on the road, the dwellings of small landholders, and found the inmates in a very poor condition, and holding their land under men, as needy as themselves.

Ballinamore is a small town, existing, and existing very badly, by agriculture. The whole of the neighbourhood, with very few exceptions, is fearfully rack-rented: the land, which is generally poor, is let by competition to the highest bidder;

and rents are covenanted for, that can never be paid. The property of Lord Southwell, however, which is situated in this district, is an exception. It is unquestionably amongst the nobility, and the largest proprietors, that these exceptions are chiefly to be found,—a fact, that may probably be attributable to the better circumstances of the great proprietors, who are not, generally, so embarrassed as the smaller landowners. I found, that the landholders in the neighbourhood of Ballinamore, were necessitated to send every particle of produce, except potatos, to market, to make up their rents; and that they lived as miserably as the owner of the poorest cabin.

The country between Ballinamore and Swanlinbar,—part of which is in Leitrim county, part in Cavan,—I found very little more interesting than that between Carrick and Ballinamore. There is a poverty look about every thing. The country is but half cultivated; and it supports a needy gentry, crushed farmers, and a miserable peasantry. After passing Swanlinbar, things improve. Improvement is visible in the aspect of the country;

and a decided improvement, in the appearance of the houses and their inhabitants.

I remained a day in this neighbourhood (not in Swanlinbar) that I might have an opportunity of visiting Florence Court, the seat of the Earl of Enniskillen, and the surrounding country. This beautiful seat is situated at the foot of a fine chain of hills; and the unequal surface of the ground over which his lordship's park extends, gives great picturesqueness to the views, and has materially assisted art, in the embellishments which she has scattered around. Many fine old trees beautify this domain, and the grouping of wood is very effective. Florence Court wants water only, to make it a paradise. This mansion is every way worthy of the grounds which surround it.

The approach to Enniskillen, from Swanlinbar, struck me greatly. A rich, broken, and beautiful country lies on either side of the road; a mountain outline bounds the greater part of the horizon; and the town of Enniskillen itself, rises on the opposite side of a broad sheet of water, covering a considerable extent of elevated ground, and

presenting a bold front of strong bastions, and grey walls.

The situation of Enniskillen, is every way delightful. Loch Erne, the noblest in point of extent, of any of the Irish lakes, and which has been called the Winandermere of Ireland,—an appellation, which I shall by and by endeavour to shew, it is well entitled to,—spreads into an upper and lower lake, above and below the town, though, from the distance between them, which is not less than four miles, they ought rather to be considered two distinct lakes. This communication between the two lakes is not more than river breadth, and in one part, separates into two branches, encircling a tolerably elevated island; and upon this island, stands the town of Enniskillen. Two handsome bridges connect the town with the mainland, at each end of the island; and almost the whole of the island is covered by the town. On the opposite banks of the water, on both sides of the town, the scenery is of the most *riant* description. When I visited the neighbourhood, the corn harvest was just beginning, and the hay harvest was nearly over. On the sunny slopes that rise on all sides,

the golden fields of ripe corn, were beautifully mingled with the brilliant green that follows the destruction of the meadow. Abundance of wood, and the broken surface of the country, gave sufficient shade to the landscape, which was, on all sides, imaged in the still, deep, broad waters that surround the town; and altogether, I shall long preserve in my memory, the recollection of this beautiful spot.

But this is not all I have to say in favour of Enniskillen. I found it *one of* the most respectable-looking towns I had seen in Ireland: and its population, by far *the most* respectable-looking, that I had anywhere yet seen. I speak of course of the lower classes; and I make no exception of either Dublin, or Cork, or Limerick, or any other place. I saw a population,—the first I had yet seen,—without rags; I saw scarcely a bare foot, even among the girls; there was a neat, tidy look among the women, who had not, as in other places, their uncombed hair hanging about their ears; and the men, appeared to me to have a decent farmer-like appearance.

Enniskillen is a busy, and a rising town; im-

provement is everywhere discernible. Many new buildings are seen; thatched houses, scarcely at all; and the suburbs even, are respectable. Enniskillen abounds in respectable shops; and I never saw shops better filled than they were on market day; I understood that many of the tradespeople were wealthy, and that the retail trade is brisk and profitable. This, and the generally improving condition of the town, which possesses but little manufacture, are evidences of the prosperous condition of the surrounding agricultural population,—and by implication, speaks favourably also of the landlords. Lords Enniskillen, Ely, and Belmore, are the three great proprietors; but there are many resident gentlemen besides. The town belongs altogether, to Lord Enniskillen, who is generally well spoken of, and who, in letting his land, endeavours to ascertain its real value. I found the farmers of this neighbourhood enjoying some comforts, and not so ground down to the earth as in the south and west. Potatos are not the sole diet here: the country is a most fruitful one; and much of the wheat and oats, is consumed in the surrounding district. There is some export of

grain to Derry, Armagh, &c., but the greater part is consumed. The export of live cattle and pigs, from Enniskillen to Derry, is also considerable. Most important advantages would accrue to Enniskillen, by opening an inland navigation to the sea: and nothing could be easier than this. From the town, there is already an uninterrupted navigation through Loch Erne, to the exit of the river, which, not eight miles distant from the lake, falls into the bay of Donegal: and half of this distance, the river is already navigable: so that it requires but a cut of four miles, to open a water communication, not only from Enniskillen, but from the upper lake to the sea,—a distance of not less than sixty miles. It is almost impossible to calculate the benefit which would be conferred upon the great extent of country bordering on the two Loch Ernes, by this very obvious, and unexpensive undertaking.

Enniskillen enjoys also, a considerable linen trade. From three to four hundred pieces are sold at each fortnight's market; and it speaks well for the prospects of the trade, that many merchants leave the market disappointed of purchases; and

that three times the quantity actually sold, would find buyers if it were brought to market. It is a fact, that greatly more flax seed has been sown this year, than on any former year.

The population of Enniskillen, is about one-third Protestant: and the town and neighbourhood are Conservative in their politics. Three newspapers are published in the town, all Conservative. One is Toryish, a second Tory, and a third high Tory. It is singular, that in a town like this, there should be no circulating, or public library.

The price of provisions, in Enniskillen, is reasonable. When I visited it, potatos were at 3½*d.* a stone; 120 lbs. of oatmeal were sold at 8*s.* 6*d.*; second quality of flour was 1*s.* 6*d.* per stone. Meat was from 5*d.* to 6*d.* per lb.; fine fowls, 10*d.* a couple. Labour in town was at 1*s.* a day; but for constant employment, 10*d.*; and in the country did not exceed 8*d.* The provision, and retail trade of Enniskillen, is of course benefited by the town being military head-quarters. During eight months in the year, there is pretty full employment for labour in Enniskillen. Just before the corn harvest began, and after the hay harvest had finished, I

saw about eighty persons, in want of employment, and waiting for hire.

One of the most finished domains in Ireland,—or, I might say, in the British dominions, is Castle Coole, the seat of the Earl of Belmore. It contains within it, an extraordinary variety of fine scenery. The disposition of wood, water, and lawn, is as near perfection as can be produced by the union of nature and art. The beech and oak trees, everywhere scattered over the park, are of the most gigantic dimensions; and there is a beautiful specimen of close sylvan scenery, where the game is preserved. Within the park, too, are several smooth oval mounts, beautiful to look upon, and from which, all the charming variety of the landscape is seen to perfection. I climbed to the top of the conical hill above the castle, called Topid, and enjoyed a very extensive, and certainly a very engaging prospect. Among the objects most conspicuous in the landscape, are two round hills towards the north, called Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,—names familiar to every one.

The mansion of Castle Coole, is the finest house in the modern style, that I had seen in Ireland.

There is a beautiful façade; a portico, with four columns in the centre, supporting a pediment; and two equal wings are connected with the centre, by handsome colonnades of fluted pillars, of the Doric order. The interior is equally magnificent; and splendid mirrors, porphiry pilasters, and inlaid doors, remind one of the palaces and churches of Italy and Spain.

CHAPTER IX.

Devenish Island, and its Round Tower—Kesh—Loch Erne, the Winandermere of Ireland—Character of the Lake—The County of Fermanagh, and its Population—The Clergy of the Church of Ireland—Church Reform—Land, Landowners, and Landholders—Labourers—Journey to Loch Dergh—Pettigo—Loch Dergh, and its Island—The Pilgrims—Detail of the Doings there—Visit to the Island—Extraordinary Scenes — Further Details — Popularity of this Pilgrimage.

One of the most interesting spots in the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, is Devenish island, with its round tower, and other ancient relics. It stands just where the lower lake expands; and is about two miles from Enniskillen. One may visit it either by boat from Enniskillen, or follow the road from the town, and make use of the ferry-boat. The island slopes gently from the water's edge, in a fine green swell; but is entirely destitute of wood; and is said to contain upwards of seventy acres. The round tower of Devenish is considered to be

the most perfect in Ireland, and, altogether, the finest specimen of these singular structures. The height of the tower is eighty-two feet; the thickness of its walls three feet, five inches; the circumference forty-nine feet; and the diameter, inside, nine feet, two inches. Twelve feet above the doorway there is a window, angularly pointed; and, higher up, another window nearly square. Still higher are the four windows, common in all these towers; and the key-stone, above each, is ornamented with a human head.

But the round tower is not the only relic on Devenish island. There are also several monastic remains; particularly the ruins of an abbey, which is situated on the most elevated part of the island. Some parts of the abbey are yet in a considerably perfect state of preservation, particularly the tower; from the summit of which an extensive prospect is enjoyed over the lake and the surrounding country. The other remains, on the island, are in a less perfect state; and their workmanship is of a far ruder description than that by which the abbey is distinguished. Next to the rock of Cashel, I look upon Devenish island to be

the most interesting spot in Ireland, to those who are attracted by the union of the antique and the picturesque.

I left Enniskillen, greatly pleased with the town and its neighbourhood. I had seen no such fine and fruitful country since I had visited the counties of Tipperary and Limerick; but there is greater beauty here, united to as much cultivation. The country, about Enniskillen, is more undulating and wavy; and the distant outlines are more striking: nor had I seen in any town, in Ireland, a population so little ragged, and altogether so respectable.

It is very likely that many of my readers never heard of the town of Kesh, or Kish, as some call it. It is a small, a very small town, or rather a village, situated near to the right bank of Loch Erne, about ten miles from Enniskillen. Here, or at least in its neighbourhood, I remained for three or four days, making myself acquainted with the beautiful lake, close by; and observing and inquiring into the condition of the inhabitants of the neighbouring country. The road, between Enniskillen and Kesh, does not keep all the way close to the lake, though sufficiently near to enable the traveller to catch

beautiful glimpses; and, now and then, to command the greater part of its expanse. Ely Lodge, the residence of the Marquis of Ely, and its surrounding grounds, are seen to great advantage on the road to Kesh. They lie on the opposite side of the lake, just at the point where the road first begins to skirt it.

I said that Loch Erne has been called the Winandermere of Ireland; and that it might be easy to justify the propriety of the appellation, which was, no doubt, intended as a compliment to Loch Erne. In length, breadth, and shape, Loch Erne and Winandermere do not greatly differ: and, inasmuch as the character of beauty, rather than of sublimity, is applicable to both, the comparison is just. I presume it is on account of these resemblances, that Loch Erne and Winandermere have been likened to each other. I think, however, that if the claims of these two lakes were examined, more in detail, Loch Erne would bear away the palm; and chiefly upon this ground, that there is no part of it without high claims to beauty; whereas the lower end of Winandermere is greatly deficient in those attractions which have earned so high a reputation for the

lake generally; but which are chiefly to be found in the central and upper parts of it. Loch Erne, round its whole circumference, does not offer one tame and uninteresting view: everywhere there is beauty, and beauty of a very high order. In some places, the banks are thickly wooded to the water's edge: in other places, the fairest and smoothest slopes rise from the margin, shaping themselves into knolls and green velvety lawns; here and there, finely wooded promontories extend far into the lake, forming calm sequestered inlets and bays; and, sometimes, a bold fore-ground—not perhaps of mountains, but of lofty hills—juts forward, and contrasts finely, with the richness and cultivation on either side. And what shall I say of the numerous islands—far more numerous than those on Winandermere, and as beautiful as the most beautiful of them;—some of them densely covered with wood; some green and swelling; and some large enough to exhibit the richest union of wood and lawn; some laid out as pleasure-grounds, with "pleasure-houses," for those to whom they pertain; and some containing the picturesque ruins of ancient and beautiful edifices! Nor must I forget the magnifi-

cent mansions that adorn the banks of Loch Erne, and which add greatly to the general effect of the landscape. Without making any enumeration of these, I would particularize Ely Lodge, Castle Caldwell, and the charming domain of General Archdall, rich in all that constitutes the perfection of beauty.

I shall not easily forget,—nor would I ever wish to forget, the delightful hours I one day spent, on the shores of this, more than Winandermere of Ireland. It was a day of uncommon beauty; the islands seemed to be floating on a crystal sea; the wooded promontories threw their broad shadows half across the still bays; the fair slopes, and lawny knolls, stood greenly out from among the dark sylvan scenery that intervened; here and there, a little boat rested on the bosom of some quiet cove; and in some of the shallow bays, or below the slopes of some of the green islands, cattle stood, single or in groups, in the water. I confidently assert, that lower Loch Erne, take it all in all, is the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms; and but for the majestic Alpine outline, that bounds the horizon on the upper part of Lake

Leman, —Lake Leman itself could not contend in beauty, with this little visited lake in the county of Fermanagh.

The county of Fermanagh is Conservative, and considerably Protestant. It will, no doubt, be deemed a curious fact, that the parish in which I rested a few days, Magher-Culmoony,—a parish fourteen Irish miles long, and several broad,—contains not any one place of worship of any denomination, except the parish church. It is doubtful if there be another example of this in Ireland, or I might perhaps add, in England either. Such examples would not have been so rare, if the church of Ireland had possessed more ministers of religion, like in character, activity, and talent, to the Protestant rector of Magher-Culmoony. I am not one of those, who ascribe *all* the evils of Ireland to Popery; but I am one of those who think Protestantism the better religion for the people, and the safer for the state; and think also, that it ought to have been, and ought still to be, the study of government, to encourage the growth of Protestantism, by every wise and legitimate means; nor can I let slip this opportunity of observing, from all I

have seen and learned in Ireland, that one of the most certain means of increasing Protestantism in Ireland, will be, such measures of reform in the Irish church, as will encourage and reward the working clergy, at the expense of those who do not, or who will not work; as will sweep away pluralities, and forbid non-residence; as will place Protestant education on a better footing; and, as will provide for the final and effectual settlement of the tithe question.

But to return to the parish of which I was speaking. During the incumbency of the present minister, the Protestant congregation has increased more than one-half: and in the adjoining parish of Fintona, under the same individual, the results of piety and activity are equally favourable. A Protestant congregation of seven hundred, may be seen there any Sunday; and the Protestant congregation has increased at least one-third within the last few years. The tithe in the parish of Magher-Culmoony is under the Commutation Act, and averages scarcely ten-pence the Irish acre.

Not having had a previous acquaintance with Ireland before visiting it in the present year, I

cannot speak from personal knowledge, of the improvement in conduct, and activity, which is said to have taken place within the last few years, amongst the clergy of the church of Ireland. I can speak, however, of what I have seen. I have seen many pious, and well-intentioned men; but few active men. I have seen some, whose conduct was little in unison with their calling; and I have seen many, whose listlessness rendered their calling ineffectual for any good purpose. This, however, I can say with perfect truth; that wherever a really good, and judiciously zealous clergyman is found, respect attends him; and results favourable to Protestantism, follow his ministrations. That which Protestantism wants in Ireland, is a resident working clergy, placed in comfortable circumstances; and in the zeal for church reform, I trust it will not be forgotten, that twenty, or ten Protestants require, equally as if their numbers were hundreds in place of tens, and have an equal right to demand, a Protestant house to go to, and a clergyman to administer to them the consolations of religion.

The condition of the land occupiers in the baronies of Fermanagh, is superior to the condition

of the same classes in most other parts which I had visited. But, at the same time, looking merely to externals, and especially judging by the houses in which the people live, one would certainly form too favourable conclusions. The love of a neat exterior, which is observable in this district, and in many other districts of the north, is not so much the result of superior condition, as of other causes, the chief of which is, that very many of the landholders are Scotch and English by descent; and that the force of example has prevailed. Another reason is, that there are many resident gentry, most of whom are unembarrassed in their circumstances. From attentive observation and anxious inquiry, I have reason to say, that rents throughout this county are from 5*s.* to 8*s.* an acre too high; with the exception of the old takes. The utmost industry is required, in order that a man may pay his rent, and live in anything like comfort; but in order that there should be an accumulation of capital amongst farmers, rents would require to be lower. I should certainly say, however, that any industrious farmer, occupying a fair-sized farm, may be comfortable in this county, though he may

not be able to get rich. The produce of an acre of good land here, may be worth 8*l.*, and at 25*s.* rent, a fair profit is secured. I found all admit,—both Protestant and Catholic farmers,—that they could afford to eat meat three times a week, and as much milk and butter as were required for their families; or if they chose to live more abstemiously, that they could lay aside a little money. One individual paying 30*s.* an acre for a moderate-sized farm, but of which the land was of the best quality, told me he could afford to eat meat every day. I would have rents and charges upon land such, however, as might enable a man to lay by a little money, without being obliged to do so at the expense of comfort.

The wages of labour here, are usually tenpence without diet, or sixpence with diet; but day labourers are not common. The usual practice is to keep farm servants, who get from 3*l.* to 5*l.* a year. I found a good many small cottiers, owning a quarter of an acre or so, and a cabin. These small holdings were under the farmers; and the agreement generally was, to give for their holding four days' labour in the week. This is exorbitantly high; it leaves little more than a hundred days'

labour for all that life requires, beyond the produce of a quarter of an acre of potato land. The con-acre system is also common here, and in most parts of Fermanagh: and the rent per acre is from 8*l.* to 10*l.*

I now left the neighbourhood of Kesh, to visit that famous resort of ignorance and superstition, Loch Dergh, and St. Patrick's purgatory. From Kesh to Pettigo, a little town about six miles distant, situated at the head of Loch Erne, I passed through an agreeable country, almost all under tillage, but exhibiting abundant evidence of a very backward state of husbandry. It was on the 12th of August that I passed through Pettigo; and I found many of the houses decorated with orange flags; and some zealous Orangemen had erected arches across the road, with emblems and inscriptions, beneath which, the pilgrims going to Loch Dergh, were obliged to pass.

From Pettigo to Loch Dergh, the distance is about three miles, over bog and mountain. It is a scramble all the way, endeavouring to avoid the marsh and bog-land, that cannot, however, be avoided; and one at length thinks of following the

example of the pilgrims, who, with bare feet, get over the difficulties of the path with comparative ease. It is said, that no road is constructed here, lest the devotions of the pilgrims should be interrupted by the presence of too many heretics. It proved a very toilsome journey, and it was with much satisfaction that I espied Loch Dergh in the hollow below. Nothing can be more desolate than the landscape around Loch Dergh. Barren heathy hills surround it on all sides, possessing neither form nor elevation, to give the slightest interest to the scene. The lake is considered to be about nine miles in circumference. As I descended towards the shore of the lake, I could see that the island, which is not quite a mile from the shore, was entirely covered with persons; and on the bank, which I soon reached, I found upwards of two hundred pilgrims waiting to be ferried over. They were generally respectably dressed. Some were sitting, some lying on the grass; some, more impatient, were standing close to the water, waiting the arrival of the ferry boat; and some, more impatient still, had been warmed into devotion, by the distant view of the holy place, and were already on

their knees. They were of all ages; and about three fourths of the number were women.

At length the ferry boat arrived from the island, bringing a cargo of those whose penances were concluded; and who did not generally exhibit in their appearance and countenances, that expression of satisfaction which might be expected amongst those, who had just abridged by some thousands of years, the term of their purgatory. The boat having discharged its cargo, a new cargo was quickly found; and before I was permitted to approach the holy place, it was necessary that I should send the letter with which I was provided, to the prior, who might grant or refuse the leave requested.

Meanwhile, until the boat should return with the reply, I took advantage of my opportunities; and improved my acquaintance with some of the pilgrims, — women, — who had returned from the island, and who were resting on the grass before commencing their homeward journey. I chanced fortunately to light upon a group of very communicative persons, who seemed more desirous of telling, than of concealing,—with the view, no doubt,

of exalting the excellence and advantages of the services in which they had been engaged: and, as one reason for telling me some of the secrets of Loch Dergh, they said, that I, being a Protestant, should not be able to see anything on the island. I thought, at first, they meant that the holy doings there, would be miraculously concealed from the profane eyes of a heretic; but I found that the hindrances were to be merely human. I was told, that the moment it was known to the prior, that a stranger was about to visit the island, orders were issued to suspend all devotions: and this I afterwards found to be true. The pilgrims may remain at the station three days, six days, or nine days; and some have even been so far indulged, as to have permission granted them to fast, pray, and do penance for fifteen days. But this is an especial favour. Nothing is eaten or drunk during the whole of the time any one remains on the island, excepting bread and water, or meal and water. Bread and meal can both be purchased on the island; but most of the pilgrims carry their scrip along with them.

I was considerably surprised when, upon my

remarking, that with only one meal of bread and water in twenty-four hours, the pilgrims must become faint, the woman, with whom I was speaking, said, "Oh, no! the wine revives us, and gives us strength."

"Wine!" said I; "then you have wine: who pays for the wine?"

"Oh," said she, "it costs nothing; but I see your honour doesn't understand." And then she explained to me the pleasant contrivance by which the pilgrims are regaled with wine, free of expense to them or anybody else. The water of the lake is boiled, and, being blessed, is called wine; and it is given to the faint and greedy pilgrims as hot as they are able to swallow it. One of the women shewed me her lips, covered with blisters, from the heat of the "wine" she had drunk; and I no longer doubted of the fillip it must give to one's sensations, to have some half-boiling water poured into an empty stomach. I was assured the effect was wonderful; and I well believed it.

The penances consist of constant prayer, fasting, and want of sleep. Before leaving the island, every pilgrim must remain twenty-four hours *in*

prison, as they call it. Here they neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep. Not even the renovating "wine" is allowed during these twenty-four hours: and means are also taken to prevent those *in prison* from sleeping. A person is appointed for this purpose; but I was assured that the office of keeping each other awake is generally kindly performed by each other, from the best of motives, I dare say; for the whole efficacy of the penance, is nullified by the indulgence of sleep.

The penance of praying around the saints' beds is also practised. These are little circular stone walls, with stones and crosses inside, which are called saints' beds; and around these, on their knees, the pilgrims perform their "stations," repeating at certain spots, a certain number of prayers. I inquired whether these revolutions were performed on the bare knees; and the answer was, that this depended upon circumstances.

The sum exacted from the pilgrim, for all the comforts of St. Patrick's purgatory, including *wine*, amounts to 1*s.* 4½*d.*; of which 6½*d.* is paid for the ferry. If, however, the penitent choose, there is nothing to prevent him from being generous; and

it is not improbable that his generosity may be acceptable. Every pilgrim, who is a candidate for the benefits of Loch Dergh, must bring with him a recommendation from the parish priest. I inquired particularly whether the priest encouraged the pilgrimage, or dissuaded from it. The answer was, that he sometimes enjoins it, but most commonly does not influence the applicant one way or another. It is evident that the country priest has no interest in recommending the pilgrimage, since the absence of his parishioner and the expense of the pilgrimage, will diminish, rather than increase his revenue.

After waiting about an hour, during which the crowd of arriving pilgrims had greatly increased, the boat returned with another freight, and with the permission required. I immediately took my seat in the boat, and watched the extraordinary scene that ensued. The boat is capable of containing from forty to fifty persons; but hundreds press forward to it. No one, however, is admitted without a ticket, previously obtained and paid for; and a thick-set blustering fellow, and one or two assistants, armed with sticks, stand at the side of the boat, pushing back, by main force, those who

are not to enter; and just as roughly thrusting forward, those who are to be favoured. The pilgrims are stowed like so many brutes in the bottom of the boat, from front to stern,—the master shoving and pushing them as he would a drove of pigs; and I believe no one could contemplate the whole scene without being forcibly reminded of the paintings, which all are familiar with, of Charon and his cargo of Damned. I was told, by the master of the boat, that strangers are generally ferried over in a separate boat; and that I was particularly honoured by being permitted to go in the same boat with the pilgrims.

When the complement was completed, we shoved off; and the water being rather agitated, we had the advantage of the pilgrims' prayers all the way. As we approached the island, though still at some distance from it, I could see the crowd in motion; but as we approached nearer, the order had gone forth; and all were at rest from their penances and prayers. The moment we reached the island, the pilgrims in the boat were driven on shore—most of them through the water; and I waited, a few minutes, the arrival of a priest, under whose guidance I visited, and walked over the island.

Every spot was crowded; there was not a vacancy of a yard square over the whole surface of the island. All were seated on the ground, with books, and most of the women with rosaries, in their hands: but it was evident that all devotions had been ordered to be suspended. No one either moved or spoke. I passed through the chapel, where four priests were seated, and the floor of which was entirely covered with pilgrims seated on it; and I looked into the confessional, which was every bit as crowded: and, after perambulating every part of the island, I may venture to say, that there could not have been fewer than two thousand persons upon a spot not three hundred yards long, and not half that breadth.

There used formerly to be a cave, on the present site of St. Patrick's chapel, which, in its day, was even more efficacious than its more modern substitute. This cave was shut up by the order of the Lords Justices in the year 1630; but in the reign of James II., the spot was again resorted to, and a new cave was excavated, which in the year 1780 was again closed by order of the prior. The

building now erected is the "prison, or chapel," used by the penitents.

The station at Loch Dergh, begins on 1st June, and continues till 15th August. The day on which I visited Loch Dergh, twelve boat-loads of pilgrims passed to the island, with upwards of forty persons in each; but supposing forty to be the average number, five hundred persons passed that day. The number of days, from the opening of the station, to its conclusion, is seventy five; and supposing the number of persons passing daily, to be only one-half of the number that passed on the 12th ofAugust—viz. two hundred and fifty—the whole number of pilgrims visiting Loch Dergh, would amount, during the season, to nearly nineteen thousand: and from the inquiries I made, as well as from this mode of calculation, I have reason to think I am below, rather than above the mark.

I was not allowed a great while, to inspect the island: the priest hurried me through, in order, no doubt, that the pilgrims and penitents might resume their devotions; and had I not collected my information from other sources, I could have told the

reader very little of what are the doings at St. Patrick's purgatory.

It is impossible to witness a spectacle like this, without reflections being excited of rather a painful kind. I am not going to write a tirade against Popery, and Catholic superstitions; but when I see thousands assembled at a place like this, far distant from their homes, I cannot but regret the loss of time so fruitlessly spent. Many had travelled from the remotest parts of Cork, Kerry, and Waterford; and must have employed five or six weeks on the pilgrimage, at a season too, when, if labour is to be had at all, it is to be had then. July is the period of the hay harvest; and the loss of employment during that month, must have been a loss to many of at least 22*s.* 6*d.*, to say nothing of the expenses of the journey. The Catholic bishop, who, in the year 1830, advertised the holding of a station there, by his lordship in person, deserved to have had his ears pulled; and Pope Benedict the XIV., who preached a sermon recommending this pilgrimage, would have been well punished by having the *wine* of Loch Dergh served up to his holiness, in place of his own *Lachrimæ*

Christi. As for the poor infatuated and ignorant pilgrims, deluded by popes and bishops, they are sincere, I doubt not, in their devotions: and although I am far from thinking, that pilgrimage and penance are acceptable in the sight of God, I yet believe, that the Deity cannot regard with aversion, any homage that is rendered in sincerity.

In returning from the island, the same scene was enacted as I had witnessed before. I returned with a freight of pilgrims, whose term had expired; and although it was then afternoon, another boat-load were still waiting their turn. I walked back to Pettigo, in company with several pilgrims, among whom was a priest, who told me he had come eighty miles to the station, and that he found himself much the better for the discipline. He told me, also, that whatever the weather might be, no one ever caught cold: and that he never knew of any one suffering, from sitting on the damp ground for days, in wet clothes, and with bare feet. I ought to mention, that many of the returning pilgrims were walking with us, and listening to the priest's exordium. There were three or four other priests performing their station on the

island. I suppose it is thought necessary, that the station should occasionally be so honoured. When I reached Pettigo, I invited my companion, the pilgrim priest, to take a part of a leg of mutton which I had bespoken for dinner; but he excused himself, on the ground of his vow, which did not permit him to eat till next day. I only remained an hour at Pettigo, and then proceeded on my journey to Donegal.

CHAPTER X.

Journey to Donegal—The Town and its Neighbourhood—High Rents and Poverty—Inver Bay, and Loch Eask—Country between Donegal and Strabane, in Tyrone—Absurdities of Guide Books—Strabane—Lifford—Improved Condition of the Country People—Letterkenny—Trade, Condition, and Neighbouring Landlords—Loch Swilly—Rathmilton—Rathmullin and the Ferry to Fahan—Buncrana—Bad State of Husbandry—Approach to Londonderry.

The road between Pettigo and Donegal, lies through an extremely wild country. The first ten miles of the road lead through a continued bog. Some few struggles for improvement are here and there visible; but they are yet feeble: a wretched house is seen at long intervals, with a few patches of green about it; but there is evidently a want of every thing necessary to improvement,—encouragement, capital, and above all, the grand preliminary, facilities of communication. There is nothing to

relieve the monotony of this journey, unless it be the numerous little lakes that lie in the hollows: and these are but small relief. A few miles before reaching Donegal, the country improves; more cultivation appears,—the traveller has a stream for his companion; and first the bay, and then the spire of Donegal, announce the vicinity of the town.

Donegal is one of the smallest of towns; it is scarcely more than a village; and yet it bears the name of the county. A street is scarcely to be found in it; but there is a very spacious market place; though I should think there are few market places where less business is done. I noticed several new buildings, however; which, I believe, chiefly owe their existence to a spa, which, during the summer season, attracts a fair share of visitors. There is a tolerable retail trade, but a very insignificant export from Donegal. Five or six cargoes of grain are dispatched during the season; and a new quay has lately been constructed for the benefit of the trade. Lord Arran is proprietor of Donegal; but I believe his lordship never was there.

But Donegal has some curious remains, par-

ticularly an ancient castle, once the residence of the O'Donnell's, powerful chieftains, or rather kings, in this part of Ireland. The exterior, and general situation of the castle, are more interesting than the interior, which contains many rooms, but nothing attractive in sculpture. Were it only, however, for the sake of the view from the windows of a chamber called the banqueting hall, the castle is worth a visit. There is also, at a short distance from the town, near to the water side, the ruins of an abbey of the fifteenth century. Apart from its situation, the ruin possesses little interest.

The condition of the people in this district is bad. Land is let exorbitantly high. I saw land about half a mile from the town, which was let at 3*l.* 5*s.* per acre; and which I am certain could not afford a living profit, at a higher rent than 2*l.* I saw land also, several miles from Donegal, let at 1*l.* and 18*s.*, which was certainly not worth 10*s.* Farms are generally small, and the farmers are necessitated to live very poorly. All their butter and eggs are sent to market,—potatos, and butter-milk alone, being reserved for their diet. The cottiers are still more wretched. I found here, a

considerable number of cabins locked; and others, inhabited by only the female part of the family, the husband having gone to harvest work. From all that I could learn, I may state, that the condition of the occupiers of land in this district has greatly deteriorated within the last fifteen years; and emigration is resorted to by all who are able to avail themselves of it.

The environs of Donegal are pretty. The country is agreeably diversified by knolls and hillocks,—some cultivated, some green, and with a sufficiency of wood interspersed among them; while a very fine mountain outline bounds the horizon to the north. Many beautiful excursions may be made from Donegal: I spent one day in the neighbourhood of Inver bay—which is a beautiful inlet, about six miles west of the town,—and in skirting still farther to the west, the coves and other inlets of the wide bay to which the town of Donegal gives its name: and I spent another day, in a visit to Loch Eask, two or three miles from Donegal, and as pretty a lake on a small scale, as can well be imagined. There is much fine-grown wood about it; and the mountain

boundary of the hollow in which it lies, both in form and elevation, is striking and picturesque.

I now left Donegal for Strabane, in Tyrone. The first part of the road runs a little to the right of the pretty lake I have just mentioned, and therefore commands many agreeable views. A few miles farther, we entered what is called the gap of Barnosmore; a mountain defile, much celebrated in the guide books, which speak of the stupendous height of the mountains, and of the extraordinary natural curiosity which this gap presents. I found merely a defile, amongst hills of moderate elevation; and nothing either wonderful, or stupendous. It is a pity that all guide books should deal so largely in exaggeration. Every thing is wonderful, sublime, stupendous! If it be a hill, that chances to be the subject of the writer's eloquence, it is ready to overwhelm the traveller, who is struck with awe and consternation: if a cavern be spoken of, the affrighted and daring visitor is lost in wonder, and fears the hungry waves are about to ingulf him for his temerity. Every rock is gigantic; every headland sublime; every ruin a prodigy; every thing, awful and wonderful; and the traveller, the most

courageous of men, to tempt such frightful dangers. This is all very silly, and ill-judged; a more chastened taste is wanted in the production of a guide book worthy of the present age.

After emerging from the hills, I found a pleasant and pretty well cultivated country; and at the little town of Stranorlan, I joined company with the river Fin, which continued to run by the side of the road, almost all the way to Strabane. I everywhere noticed excellent crops: the barley harvest had begun; and the view over the ripe fields of wheat and oats, and the green meadows by the river side, was rich and refreshing.

Strabane, I found a remarkably neat and pretty looking town, with several streets, which contain excellent houses and capital shops. In spite of the obstacle offered to improvement, by the refusal of the Marquis of Abercorn to grant good leases, the town advances nevertheless. There is an excellent retail trade, and an improving linen trade, which averages a sale of about 500 pieces weekly. I saw little or nothing of rags in Strabane: there was a respectable look about the people, and everything else. The poverty-stricken appear-

ance of the Irish towns, was fast disappearing. I perceived that I was verging towards the north, and getting among a different race of men. I heard few complaints of want of employment about Strabane; and ten-pence is the usual rate of wages.

The ordinary road to Londonderry, lies along the bank of the Foyle, from Strabane. But I did not take this route to Londonderry. I wished to see more of the northern parts of the county of Donegal; and particularly, I was desirous of seeing Loch Swilly, which is comparatively little visited; and which, of all the sea bays and inlets of the Irish coast, extends the farthest inland. My route, therefore, lay northward, through Lifford, to Letterkenny, Rathmilton, and Rathmullin.

Lifford, which I passed through only two miles from Strabane, is the county town of Donegal; and I should think, is the very least of all county towns. In fact, the chief part of the town is composed of the gaol and court-house. It has no trade, and little market; and is, in fact, but nominally the county town; for although the assizes are held in it, the neighbouring town of Strabane, though in

another county, reaps all the benefit of them. Leaving Lifford, I passed through a country abounding in grain and flax. This latter produce had now begun to dispute with corn the possession of the land. Everywhere the people were busily employed taking the flax out of steep, or spreading it on the ground. I suppose I need not tell the reader, that when he travels through a flax country at this season, he will do well to provide himself with a smelling-bottle. The smell of the spread-out flax is most unpleasant; but I could not learn that the odour is unwholesome.

I was greatly struck in the course of this day's journey, with the very improved appearance of the peasantry. A ragged, rather than a whole coat, was now a rarity: and the clean and tidy appearance of the women and girls, was equally a novel, as it was an agreeable sight. The farm-houses, too, were of a superior order: I do not mean merely that they were larger, or better built; this can be accomplished by any improving and considerate landlord. The improvement was visible in things which depend upon the occupant. Most of the houses had inclosures, and clumps of sheltering

trees; and the epithet, "slovenly," could rarely have found any subject for its application.

As I approached Letterkenny, the head of Loch Swilly was seen to the right,—a small channel of the loch running up almost to the town,—which lies upon an elevated ridge to the left. Letterkenny consists of little more than one long street; but the street contains a number of good shops, which supply the whole eastern and northern parts of Donegal. Considering the remote situation of Letterkenny, there is a considerable export trade in corn. About fifty cargoes, averaging seventy tons, are dispatched in a season, making the whole export between three and four thousand tons. The linen trade of the place, is at present stationary, and consists of a weekly sale of about one hundred and fifty pieces: but greatly more flax had been sown than for many years past. The town is the property of Lord Southwell; and I was glad to hear his lordship everywhere well spoken of. Of other property in this neighbourhood, I am sorry I cannot speak so favourably. The large estates of Colonel Pratt are far too high rented. I visited many of the landholders, and found them poor as

poor could be,—not able to pay their rents, and living on a scale of the most moderate comfort. With few exceptions, the farmers could afford nothing for subsistence beyond potatos and buttermilk. Neither the landlord nor his agent lives here; the latter merely runs down to collect the rents, leaving a driver to get in the odds and ends as he can.

I recollect, with much pleasure, my journey from Letterkenny, along the shore of Loch Swilly, to Rathmullin. The road does not generally keep close to the shore, but runs along the high ground which bounds the bay on the left, and therefore commands the whole reach of the loch, and the banks, far inland, on both sides. I found on the line of this road a most backward and careless system of husbandry: fields were entirely overspread with the yellow rag-weed, and with thistles; and sometimes it was difficult to discover the grain, so thickly did these weeds grow in the midst of it. It was blowing a light breeze, and the thistledown was flying all over the fields, seeding everywhere. The banks of Loch Swilly improved in beauty as I journeyed farther down the lake; cultivation

extended close to the high-water-mark line, and abundance of fine timber fringed the margin.

At Rathmilton, which is about half-way between Letterkenny and Rathmullin, I remained a day, that I might make an excursion among the Donegal mountains. I hired a smart pony at Rathmilton, rode to Loch Fearn and Loch Glen, by by-ways, and to the head of one of the northern sea bays; and found my way back by another by-road, which led me past other lakes, and amongst other mountains. I saw much interesting, and some striking scenery; but so inferior to that which I had found in Cunnemara, that I do not think it necessary to detail the particulars of my ramble. The traveller may find fresh pleasure in each successive mountain ramble; but the details of these, have necessarily much sameness in them, and must become wearisome to the reader.

The same agreeable scenery presents itself between Ruthmilton and Ruthmullin, as I had found higher up: and having reached this latter town, my inquiry was, for a boat to ferry me across Loch Swilly. I found that a regular ferry-boat plied from this place to Fahan, on the opposite shore,

about three miles distant; and the boatman assured me, I should find at Fahan, a choice of jaunting-cars to carry me and my portmanteau to Derry. A fine breeze had been sweeping the loch all the morning; but it died away before noon, and we were therefore compelled to use our oars all the way across. There was nothing to regret, however, in the slowness of our progress: for the views were very beautiful; and I was in no hurry. We passed within a hundred yards of the island of Inch, which contains about two thousand acres, and is covered with the finest verdure.

On reaching Fahan, where I had been promised a choice of cars, I found only a few houses, and nothing resembling a vehicle of any kind. The only remedy was, to deposit my portmanteau in a cottage close by, and to walk to a town called Buncrana, situated about four miles farther down Loch Swilly, where I was assured I should find cars in abundance. This necessity was no subject of regret. The road to Buncrana lay close by the water side all the way; and disclosed the whole reach of the lower part of Loch Swilly, as far as the sea. I passed some most tempting little coves,

where there was deep water, fine sand, and smooth, jutting rocks; but I did not pass them all by: in one of them, I refreshed myself by a plunge, and reached Buncrana after a very agreeable walk. This I found a very prettily situated little town; and from the immense water power in its neighbourhood, and its situation otherwise, I should think it well adapted to the establishment of manufactories. Buncrana was formerly much resorted to for sea-bathing; but a town called Mobile, on Loch Foyle, has now become the fashion, and Buncrana is neglected.

I easily found a car at Buncrana, but no horse; the horse was in the fields, two or three miles distant: but it was yet early; and while the owner fetched the horse, I walked a mile or two into the country. At a farm-house where I called, I saw a dish in preparation for dinner, of so novel a composition as to deserve an inventory of its ingredients. An immense pot of potatos was emptied into a large wooden bowl. Then began the operation of mashing, which occupied some time, and was done to perfection: next, about a pint of well-boiled onions, together with some of the liquid, was

emptied into the bowl, and the mashing was continued: then about a quart of good milk was added; and lastly, a large piece of butter. The ingredients were then rapidly stirred for some time with a stick, till the whole appeared like thick cream: and I assure the reader, that the mess was by no means despicable in the sight of a hungry man. This was the first time I had seen the potato cooked in Ireland, in any other way than *au naturel; i. e.* in their jackets.

The horse had already arrived when I returned to Buncrana; and I was therefore soon on my way to the celebrated city of Londonderry. I never saw worse husbandry than in the country I passed through, between Fahan and Londonderry; or land in a more neglected state. Sea-weed, and sand, are both to be had here in abundance; but I saw none of either, in use. The grass land, and even the corn fields, were literally covered with thistles and rag-weed, which seemed to be treated with as much consideration as if they had been a profitable produce.

The first view of Londonderry is extremely imposing,—situated on a mount, at the head of Loch

Foyle, its tall cathedral spire rising in the midst; and as it chanced to be then full tide, the view was the more striking. I do not know any other town n Ireland, the approach to which is so imposing. A short drive along the shore of Loch Foyle, brought me to the gateway of the city; and I was soon comfortably established in Brown's Hotel,—which has but one fault,—that it is situated about half-way up one of the steepest streets in Europe.

CHAPTER XI.

Situation of the City—Descriptive Sketches—The Ramparts—The Cathedral—Outskirts of Londonderry—Details respecting the Trade of Londonderry—Political and Religious Opinions—The Tithe Bill, and its Rejection—Opinions of different Classes—Condition of the People of Londonderry, and its Neighbourhood.

THE situation of Londonderry (commonly called Derry all over the north), is the finest I think, of any town or city in Ireland. Indeed, with the exception of Edinburgh, I do not know any town of the United Kingdom, so well situated as Londonderry. The city, I have already said, stands upon a mount, from all sides of which there is a rapid descent.

The river Foyle, a fine broad river, makes a noble sweep on one side of the town, and expands immediately below it, into a wide estuary, which terminates in the broad waters of Loch Foyle.

On all sides of the town is seen, a succession of deep valleys, and corresponding heights, exhibiting every attraction which wood and cultivation can bestow. Up the river, and down the estuary on both sides, the slopes and heights are adorned by handsome villas; and in fact I do not know any thing that is wanting, to render the situation of Londonderry finer, or its environs more attractive.

And the town is worthy of its situation. Even if it possessed no advantage over other towns, in point of situation, it would be the handsomest place of its size in Ireland. I do not generally make a practice of minutely describing towns; but although not minutely, I must give some general description of Londonderry. Like all walled towns, Londonderry within the walls, is somewhat crowded: that is to say, there is no vacant space; but space enough has been left for the streets, which are uniformly wide. In the centre of the town, too, is an open space, called a square,—but which is not a square,—with the Corporation Hall in the centre of it; and from this centre, the four main streets diverge at right angles, terminating in gateways. Besides these four main streets, there are many

other lesser streets and lanes; but the houses are throughout, well built, and there is considerable architectural effect in the perspective view of the streets. The city is surrounded by a rampart, after the manner of the Continental towns; with a fine broad walk round it, from which, on two sides of the town at least, there are delightful views over the beautiful surrounding country, and down the estuary to Loch Swilly.

The cathedral stands on the highest part of the mount on which the city is built, retiring a little way from the main street. It is a large and handsome Gothic structure, with a remarkably pretty spire, and a neat enough interior, where are displayed, the colours taken at the siege of Derry. Here, also, a very handsome and well-deserved monument has been erected to the memory of the late Bishop Knox. I ascended to the summit of the tower, as I always do in every strange town; and would advise the traveller here to follow my example; for it is not often that he will have an opportunity of seeing a richer or more varied prospect.

It may easily be supposed, that the individual

who shews the cathedral of Derry, and the trophies suspended above the altar, and who points out from the tower, the spots rendered memorable by the siege, should be a strong Orangeman. Bitterly he lamented, that the good old days were gone by, when Orangemen might shew their colours. The 12th of August, he said, had passed away with only the firing of a few guns;—these were poor doings for Derry. It was with great pride, he pointed out, on the rampart below, the handsome monument erected to the memory of the Rev. George Walker, whose part in the defence of the city in 1689, is well known to the reader. It is a fluted column, on a pedestal, and surmounted by a statue of that very heroic individual.

Close to the cathedral, stands a very handsome court-house, with a fine portico: and excepting the gaol, there is no other handsome building; though several of the public edifices without the walls, for charitable purposes, are extensive, and not without claims to a respectable exterior. These buildings are numerous. There is a lunatic asylum, a poor-house, and hospital; a penitentiary, and a mendicity society; all, as far as I could learn, under good management.

But the city of Londonderry, although confined within walls, has extended itself in all directions beyond them: and the houses of the suburbs, vie in many places with those of the older city. Towards the quay, and to the left of the city, many streets have been but recently built; and although the wants of the lower classes, have raised up some streets of an inferior description, they do not consist of mud cabins, or rarely, of thatched cottages. I must not omit, in this brief descriptive notice of Londonderry, the very handsome wooden bridge across the Foyle. This bridge is one thousand and sixty-eight feet in length, and forty in width; and has a draw-bridge in the centre of it, to allow the passage of vessels up and down the river. Having now sufficiently described the city of Londonderry, let me proceed to other, and perhaps more important matters;

Londonderry is in a thriving condition in every department of trade; and affords a thousand obvious evidences of improvement, even in its general aspect. But I will descend a little into detail, as Londonderry is a place of some importance.

In 1829, 574 vessels, measuring 48,912 tons,

cleared inwards, coastwise; and in the same year, there cleared out, coastwise, 508 vessels, measuring 43,347 tons. In 1830, the tonnage coastwise, inwards, was 51,088 tons; and outwards, 42,986 tons. In 1831, the tonnage coastwise, inwards, was 58,955 tons; and outwards, 44,351 tons. In 1832, the tonnage coastwise, inwards, was 62,032 tons; and outwards, 50,303 tons: and in 1833, the tonnage coastwise, inwards, was 63,879 tons; and outwards, 52,952 tons. The tonnage inwards, coastwise, has therefore increased during the last five years, nearly 15,000 tons; and outwards, it has increased nearly 10,000 tons. I need scarcely say, that *coastwise*, includes the ports of Great Britain.

In foreign trade, the tonnage in and out has also increased. In 1829, it was 7537 in, and 3865 out. In 1830, it was 10,989 in, and 2689 out. In 1831, it was 6286 in, and 1989 out. In 1832, it was 10,310 in, and 4341 out: and in 1833, it was 11,294 in, and 6845 out. Tonnage to the amount of 8650 tons, also cleared out on ballast in 1833.

During the last two years, the tonnage of registered vessels belonging to the port, has increased one fourth.

It is evident, therefore, even without entering into details, that both the import and the export trade must be greatly on the increase. In grain, this is especially the case; but the precise export of grain I was not able to ascertain. This, I was informed, was owing to some new mode in which the custom books are kept, which do not now exhibit, as they used to do, at a glance, the whole annual exports. This order is not universally acted upon; since at Sligo, at Cork, Limerick, and elsewhere, I found no difficulty in obtaining these returns. I must be allowed to observe, however, that I think the order an injudicious one. The expense was a mere trifle; and it was certainly worth its amount to government, to whom it should be at all times possible to obtain, at a moment's notice, an accurate return of the trade of the empire. I am justified, however, in asserting, that the export of grain is constantly increasing, though the proportions of the different kinds of grain exported, change. Oats used some years ago to be the chief export; but the export of oats has decreased, and that of wheat has increased in proportion.

The butter export trade has also increased. From the 1st of June, 1830, to the same date in 1831, the number of firkins exported, was 24,600. The following year, the export was 29,345 firkins; the year following, it rose to 40,276 firkins; and in the year ending June, 1834, it was 39,399 firkins. This statement does not shew the whole increase: for since the law which rendered the inspection of butter necessary, was repealed, a large quantity has been sent in crocks; and this kind of export has greatly increased within the last few years. I found everywhere, a strong impression in favour of the old law: it is generally understood that the quality of butter has greatly deteriorated in consequence of its repeal; for every one is now at liberty to taste for himself; and the frequent perforations necessarily injure the butter.

There has also been a large increase in the import of flax seed into this port, from foreign parts. In the year ending July 1833, 6322 quarters were imported; in the year ending July 1834, 8757 quarters were imported. The coastwise importation had increased in a still greater proportion.

The linen trade is not the prosperous trade it

once was; but there is no doubt that it is now steadily advancing. The number of webs sold in the Linen Hall, from 1st of May, 1831, to 1st of May, 1832, was 16,832. The number sold for the year ending May 1833, was 17,445. And for the year ending with May in the present year, 18,694. No kind of trade is so useful to Ireland as the linen trade; it employs the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the merchant; and particularly, it calls labour into employment, which would not be otherwise in demand, — the labour of children and women; and that, too, at times and seasons when labour is particularly abundant.

Londonderry has no manufactories, except breweries, distilleries, and a few tan-yards. I think I am entitled, from the statements already made, to say of Londonderry, that it is an advancing town.

In both religious and political opinion, the population of Londonderry is greatly divided. In religious opinion, the population is supposed to stand thus:—first in numbers, come the Presbyterians; then, the Roman Catholics; next, the Church of Ireland; then, the Dissenters from the Presbyterians; then, the Methodists; then, So-

cinians; then, Baptists. There is altogether a very large preponderance of Protestants in the population of Londonderry. All the upper classes, and the great body of the middle classes, including the shopkeepers, are Protestants.

Although high Protestant, I did not find the population so exclusively high Tory as I expected. There are, indeed, many ultras, and many stanch Orangemen; but there is also a large sprinkling of moderate liberalism,—of those who are inclined to support the present government in any system of moderation and impartiality. On the church reform question, for example, I found an almost general admission of the necessity of reform,—rejecting, however, the doctrine, that any part of the church property should be available to state purposes.

I was at Derry when the accounts were received of the rejection of the Tithe Bill by the House of Lords; and I need scarcely say, that I heard very opposite opinions expressed respecting the fate of that bill. I should say, that the course pursued by the House of Lords had many supporters in Londonderry; but let me add, that upon a question like this, and upon the consequences of the rejection

of the measure, the people of this part of Ireland are incompetent to form any correct opinion. Irishmen are generally nearly as ignorant of the real condition of Ireland, as Englishmen are. The people of the north of Ireland, know that there is no great difficulty in collecting tithes in their districts; but they know absolutely nothing of Ireland elsewhere; and applying to the whole country, their own very limited knowledge, their judgment is entirely erroneous. I heard many, however, in Londonderry, take other and more rational views,—questioning, indeed, — as every rational person must,—the justice of making a present to landlords, at the expense of the clergy, and of benefiting most, the class least entitled to benefit; but favourable, notwithstanding, to some measure of adjustment, by which the clergy would not be left,—as the Lords have left them,—to starve. The statement so often and so confidently made, in parliament and out of it, that the rejection of the bill by the Lords, was acceptable to the clergy of Ireland, must be received with great caution. As individuals personally interested, the clergy of the north of Ireland had no cause to deprecate the

rejection of the bill, because its rejection could not subject them to any inconvenience; and yet, in the counties of Londonderry, Antrim, Armagh, and Down, I heard clergymen who had no difficulty in collecting their tithes, express an opinion decidedly condemnatory of the course pursued by the Lords.

I will take this opportunity of stating what I think is the opinion entertained respecting the Tithe Bill (previous to the alteration effected by Mr. O'Connell's amendment) by the different classes whom it concerns. Of these, I think the clergy were the most favourable to it. They were not, indeed, satisfied of the justice of so large a reduction from their incomes; but they felt the uncertainty of their position; and, I think, as a body, were not disinclined to accept of the certainty which the bill offered. There is no doubt, in point of fact, that their actual incomes would benefit by the bill, in all those parts of Ireland, where agitation existed,—and, perhaps, even everywhere.

I have found land-owners divided in opinion. Those who were in a condition to take advantage of the boons offered by the bill, were favourable to it;

while others objected to it, either because they were so circumstanced as not to be able to gain any advantage by it; or because they were fearful that, when tithe was converted into a land-tax, difficulties might arise in the collection of rent.

Let us suppose the following case:—A land-owner, whose estate was liable to 100*l.* composition rent, might have had it reduced to a rent charge of 80*l.* per annum; and, where the value of the land was at twenty years' purchase, the composition might be redeemed, at sixteen years' purchase, for 1600*l.* (which he could borrow from the board of works, at a low interest), and thus relieve his estate from 100*l.* of composition, chargeable on it. The board of works had the power of lending money at four per cent. interest, and a repayment of the principal at four per cent.; so that a land-owner, borrowing 1600*l.*, would have had only to pay 64*l.* interest, annually, instead of 100*l.* land-tax, and with power to pay off the principal, by instalments, at four per cent. Every one, therefore, must see that the bill was highly favourable to the land-owner—one would say too favourable, were it not that, without the advantages offered

to that class, the tithe question could not have been eventually and effectually set at rest.

I should say, of the occupiers of land, that they were not pleased with the bill. The great mass of the landholders, throughout the south and west, had caught at the expression of Mr. Stanley, that tithe was to be extinguished: and did not like any legislation upon the subject of tithe, which they considered a re-enaction of it; and they also felt a conviction that all relief, taken from them, would be only a benefit to the landlord, who would consider himself entitled to a corresponding addition to his rent: and there is no doubt that so long as the competition for land exists, as it does at this moment, it will thwart any measure intended for the relief of the tenant.

I found the condition of the lower orders, in Londonderry and its neighbourhood, better, upon the whole, than I had yet anywhere seen it. There is not, indeed, constant employment for all; but the labour market cannot be greatly overstocked, where wages are at 7*s.* per week: if it were so, wages would speedily come down to the labour rate in other parts of Ireland. In the south and

west I have frequently asked this question—"if I wanted fifty men, on constant employment, what would they hire for?" and the answer generally was, 10*d.*; because, supposing from my question, which was always addressed to the labouring classes, that I really wanted labourers, they asked 2*d.* above the usual price. Here, in Londonderry, on putting the same question, the answer was 1*s.* 4*d.* or 1*s.* 6*d.*, sufficiently proving that labour was more in demand, and that higher wages were paid.

CHAPTER XII.

How far is the condition of the Irish People referable to Catholicism? — The True Causes of Prosperity of the Protestant Districts—Deterioration of the Agriculturists—Journey to Coleraine—Newton Limovaddy—London Companies—Condition of the People—The Advantages of the Linen Trade—State of this Trade—Trade of Coleraine—Political Opinions—Projected Improvements—Port Rush, and Port Stewart.

I have already said that the houses of the labouring classes, in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, are of a superior order; and judging, also, by dress and general appearance, and by the interior of the houses, I should say that superior comforts are diffused among the people of these districts. This observation will apply to the whole of the northern counties, — to Londonderry, Antrim, Armagh, Down, and to the towns which they contain: and, I think, I cannot find a more fitting place than the present,

for making some observations upon an assertion, which all, who have read anything on the condition of Ireland, must have heard repeated a hundred times. The statement, to which I allude, is this: that we are at once able to distinguish between the Catholic and the Protestant parts of Ireland, by the superior condition of the Protestant people—the greater respectability of their appearance—their better habitations—and generally higher state of civilization. Now, I unequivocally admit that, with few exceptions, there is a perceptible—often a marked difference in the appearance of a Catholic and of a Protestant district, in Ireland; but I deny that this is owing, *in any great degree*, to the people being Protestants. I say, in any great degree, because I admit that the Protestant religion, being more favourable to the diffusion of knowledge, and to intellectual cultivation, than the Roman Catholic faith,—it will, in some degree, affect, favourably, the condition of a people. But, I repeat that Protestantism is not the chief cause of the differences to which I have alluded. "Look," says a favourite writer, "at a church, and a mass congregation, and you will be at no loss to distinguish the

one from the other." Truly, no. They are very easily distinguished. But, let me ask who, throughout every part of Ireland (excepting Ulster), are the individuals composing the church congregation? Are they not the gentry, and some few of the more substantial farmers? It is not, therefore, at all difficult to distinguish between the Catholic and Protestant population; for this is but distinguishing between the upper and the lower ranks. But to come more directly to the assertion that a Protestant district has quite another aspect from a Catholic district, which I admit to be a fact, I think it no difficult matter to find reasons for this, more influential in their results, than the profession of Protestantism.

Did it never occur to those who have observed a fact, and instantly seized upon the *least* influential of all its causes, as its *sole* origin, that the rate of wages might make some difference in the condition and aspect of a people? The Catholic peasantry of Clare, Kerry, Galway, Mayo; and of, indeed, all the south, west, and much of the centre, have not employment at all, during half of the year,—or, in other words, one half of them have no con-

stant employment; and when they are employed, what is their rate of wages? Eight-pence, and even sixpence, without diet. The Protestant population of Derry, Antrim, Armagh, and Down, have, if not full employment, at least greatly more constant employment than their Catholic brethren of the south; and the rate of wages is from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; the difference is, at the least, 4*d.*; and does 4*d.* per day make no difference in the condition of an Irish labourer? But the most overwhelming argument for those who would ascribe all the difference in condition to Protestantism is, that not the Protestants only, *but the Catholics also* in these Protestant counties, are in a better condition. How should this be? The mass of the lower classes in the towns, as well as the great majority of the country labourers in the districts called Protestant, are Catholics; but they are not in the condition of their Catholic countrymen of Munster and Connaught. We do not see them with tattered coats and bare feet; and why? Because they are generally in employment, and receive higher wages. I have seen in Catholic districts, Catholic tenantry and Catholic labourers, comfortable where they had the

good fortune to be placed in favourable circumstances,—as on the estates of Mr. Tighe of Woodstock, Mr. Power of Kilfane, Lord Arden, Mr. Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, &c.; and I have seen Protestants, as miserable as any Catholics could be found,—as on the estate of Lord Donoughmore and others.

Nor must I omit another source of superior comfort throughout the north,—the growth and manufacture of flax, which, although of late years in a depressed condition, has never been extinct, and has always contributed in some degree, to increase the comforts of the lower classes.

But another most important cause of the superior condition of the north of Ireland, remains to be mentioned: and this which I am about to mention, bears not only upon the superior habits of the lower classes, but upon the superior condition of all classes,—the land-owner, the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the tradesman, the artizan. The people of the north are of Scotch descent; and there cannot be found, throughout the north, any of that improvidence which is so detrimental to the condition of society in the south and west.

The landlord is not a distressed man, and therefore does not grasp at such exorbitant rents. The farmer can save a little money, and is therefore able to give some employment. The competition for land is less, because there is more employment, and more resources for the lower orders. The manufacturer and merchant are not men of expense, extravagance, and display; they mind their business, accumulate capital, employ it in wholesome enterprise, and give employment. What has Protestantism to do with this? The land-owners, merchants, manufacturers, are indeed Protestants; but so are the great majority of land-owners throughout Ireland; and so are the merchants, and many of the tradesmen of Dublin, and the merchants of Cork, and Waterford, and many other places. But the merchant of Cork is hunting, while he of Belfast is at his desk; and the tradesman of Dublin is in his jaunting car, and entertaining company at his box at Kingston, while the tradesman of Derry, Coleraine, or Belfast, is minding his shop.

The great and essential distinction between the north, and every other part of Ireland, is the dif-

ference in the character of the people. This it is (in conjunction with the peculiar favour and protection which the north of Ireland has enjoyed from the state), that has made the north what it is. This has accumulated capital, and employed it in the many investments, which have in their turn given employment to the people,—raising the rate of wages; and giving to the aspect of both the Protestant and Catholic population, that superiority, which has unthinkingly been attributed solely to the profession of Protestantism.

I have had some experience of Catholic countries; and I have found nothing to warrant the belief, that misery is always the accompaniment of Popery; or that, in order to be provident, and industrious, and happy, one must be a Protestant. There is no lack of industry among the countrymen of Biscay, or Catalunia; or amongst the peasantry of the Tyrol. Bavaria, and the north of Italy, offer evidences of comfort and prosperity; and I never heard that the Roman Catholics of Canada, were any way behind their Protestant neighbours.

Londonderry I should think a pleasant town to live in: the only drawback is, the steepness of its

streets; but the ramparts form an agreeable substitute for level streets; and are the usual promenade of the inhabitants. There are numerous walks also, on all sides of the town, by lake and river; and magnificent views from many of the surrounding heights. Londonderry possesses other advantages. A steamer leaves the quay twice a day for Mobile, a much frequented watering-place, seventeen miles from the city, on the bank of Loch Swilly; and twice a week, there is a steam vessel to Port Rush, and Port Stewart, two other thriving watering-places on the north coast; and once every week, a steam vessel visits the Giant's Causeway. Steam vessels also ply regularly to Glasgow, Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast. The general trade of Londonderry has been, of course, much benefited by the facilities of steam navigation; the great dealers have indeed been injured, but the small dealers, and the public at large, have been benefited.

Land around Londonderry is not excessively high let. In the neighbourhood of the town, it is chiefly bishop's land; and town lands are let about 3*l.* per acre. Farther from the town, land is also comparatively moderate. Landlords, as I have

already said, are not distressed men; and there is less competition for land, because there is more employment. The reader also doubtless knows, that a great part of the county is the property of the London companies, who are in general good landlords where they have the direct control. But I shall have occasion to speak more of these hereafter.

Notwithstanding, however, that the occupiers of land are in a better condition in this part of Ireland than in the south and west, their condition, from all that I could learn, has deteriorated within the last fifteen years. This is easily explained. The linen trade, although again advancing, and for many reasons, likely to evince a continued improvement, has, for some years past, been depressed. In the prosperous days of the linen trade, every member of every landholder's family was employed; and by their united gains, many comforts were purchased. The condition of the agricultural classes has therefore deteriorated; but this deterioration is traceable to a specific cause.

It is a singular fact, that in such a town as Londonderry, there should be no circulating, or

public library. Several attempts to establish these have failed; and I could not even learn that any private book society existed.

I now quitted Londonderry, and took the road to Coleraine.

Immediately after passing the handsome wooden bridge, which I have already mentioned, the road ascends a very steep hill, from which Londonderry shews itself to very great advantage, especially if it chance to be full tide. Between Londonderry and Newton Limovaddy, I passed through a fruitful corn country; and noticed throughout, a very improved state of things, amongst the people and their habitations. I scarcely saw a mud cabin between Londonderry and Coleraine. I cannot, however, say so much for the state of husbandry. The rag-weed and the thistle were still predominant over the grass fields, and painfully conspicuous among the fine crops of wheat and oats that were ripe for the sickle.

All the way to Newton Limovaddy, the road keeps near to the right bank of Loch Foyle: but there is nothing very striking in the shores of Loch Foyle, which, on this side, are low, and

neither beautiful nor picturesque. Newton Limovaddy is very agreeably situated; and after a season of depression, is again a rising town. There are many rich people in this town, who made their fortunes in the linen trade, at a time when Newton Limovaddy was one of its most flourishing marts. Between Newton Limovaddy and Coleraine, there is not much to interest the traveller. I passed through rather a poor country,—a considerable portion of it, bog, and unreclaimed land. I have already said, that a great part of this county is owned by the London companies. Of the estates of the companies, four are held directly under the companies by the occupiers, and the rest of them under leaseholders: five of the leaseholders hold in perpetuity from the companies, and the remaining three estates yet on lease, will shortly lapse. Where the companies are the direct landlords, there is no complaint of them: their lands are upon the whole reasonably let; and they appear to have been fortunate also, in the appointment of agents. The farms held under the companies are generally small, — very many not exceeding five or six acres. The land, how-

ever, of the best quality, is not generally let higher than 1*l.* per acre; and tenants I think, may, with ordinary industry, be comfortable. Amongst these small farmers, spade husbandry is not sufficiently employed; and many keep horses,—for which a cow, might be profitably substituted. Farming, all over these parts, is certainly not in the improved condition which one might expect.

A considerable number of cottiers are found in these districts: these are established by the larger farmers, as labourers, and have generally a house, a cow's grass, and a few roods of garden ground; for which holding, they pay on an average 5*l.* Here, as in other places, it is a common practice for persons undertaking to manure land, to get the produce of that which they manure rent-free. If this, however, be covenanted for in the immediate vicinity of a town, sixpence per perch is paid, for land to be so manured. I could not learn that the con-acre system is at all practised in this county.

The observation which I made respecting the condition of the occupiers of land in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, may be applied also,

to the country around Coleraine, and indeed, to all those districts which have been, and are still, less or more, the linen trade districts. There may appear an inconsistency in the statement, but there is none in reality, that the condition of the districts has declined, although their export trade has greatly increased. But there is a wide difference between an export trade, and a linen trade. The former, is merely a value received for a crop severed from the ground; and goes to pay rent to the landlord, who spends the whole, or the greater part of it, out of the country where the crop was grown. The linen trade is a domestic trade, diffusing its benefits by numerous ramifications, over the district where it flourishes. Flax, if sold, and exported like wheat, would be no more profitable than it: but linen is not a produce only, but a manufacture also; and in pulling, steeping, drying, preparing, spinning, weaving, bleaching, &c., so many channels are opened, into which the value is thrown.

When I speak of the present condition of Coleraine, with reference to the linen trade, I speak of the whole linen districts, and even of the pro-

vince of Ulster. The amount of linen brought to market, is, at present, one-third less than it was in 1825. An impulse had been communicated to the linen trade, some short time back, by the publication of the American tariff; but it again received a check, by the money project of General Jackson, and the unsettled condition of the American money market. I found little doubt entertained, however, that this cloud would pass away, and that the impetus the trade had received would continue to affect it. When I was in this district, a small decline in price had taken place; but there was no heaviness in the market. If more had been brought to market, more would have been sold. To state the quantity of linen sold at Coleraine, would afford no just idea of the state and extent of the trade. The merchants go to all the towns where there is a market, and send their purchases to the bleach-field, whence, after being prepared, the linen is sent to Belfast, which is the point of export for the whole linen districts. Greatly more flax has been sown this year, than on any preceding year, for many years past; and the belief, that the trade is reviving, with the prospect of per-

manent improvement, I found general amongst those who had the best opportunities of forming a correct judgment.

The export of grain from Coleraine is considerable; and it is steadily increasing; as are also the exports of butter and provisions. The construction of a harbour at Port Rush, when completed, will be of great service to the trade of Coleraine; for in winter season, the difficulties and dangers of passing the bar, and coming up to the quay at Coleraine, are great.

Coleraine may be fairly considered a rising town; although just at the time when I visited it, there was a slight depression in the linen trade. At present, the town derives some benefit from the land carriage of linen to Belfast; as the carts that carry the linen, bring back barilla, pot-ash, &c.; but in a short time, this mode of conveyance will not be in use, a steam vessel being now in course of building, intended to ply between Coleraine and Liverpool. I need scarcely say, that this will affect very favourably both the export and import trade of the town. The only manufactures of Coleraine, are soap-boiling and tanning.

Generally speaking, there is employment for labour, in and about Coleraine; and wages in the country average about eleven-pence.

The political opinions of the people of this town and neighbourhood, are for the most part Conservative. Indeed, throughout the county of Londonderry, almost every land-owner of any considerable extent is a Tory. In the town of Coleraine, indeed, there are a considerable number of Repealers; and many Liberals, who stop short at repeal. I found a strong disposition in Coleraine, to support the government, in any system of liberal and impartial policy. Literature is at a low ebb in Coleraine. Several attempts at establishing a library have failed; and I believe no private reading association exists. From fifty to sixty monthly periodicals are taken in by the principal bookseller of Coleraine, which are chiefly circulated amongst the clergy and country gentlemen.

The town of Coleraine is not a pretty or good-looking town. One good street is all it boasts; and even this street is disfigured by many poor houses. A great part of the town is held under the Irish Society in perpetuity; but notwithstand-

ing this drawback, many signs of improvement are visible. Of late years, the town has considerably increased in size, and the character of the buildings has greatly improved. The suburbs are extensive; and in walking through them, I saw no indications of great wretchedness and poverty.

Much might be done for Coleraine. A grant to improve the harbour of Port Rush, would greatly facilitate the completion of that work, and would eventually confer important benefits on these districts. Connected with this work, a railway from the town to Port Rush, a distance of only a few miles, would be of essential service. But perhaps the most important of all the improvements which could be devised for the benefit of these districts, would be the opening of the navigation of the river Bann, from Coleraine to Loch Neagh. I believe only twelve miles of this river,—the twelve miles nearest to Loch Neagh,—are not already navigable; and were this work effected, a direct inland navigation would be opened, between the whole of the interior districts of Londonderry and Antrim and Belfast,—there being already a navigable communication between Belfast and Loch Neagh. It

only requires that one should glance at the map, in order to perceive the immense advantages of such a work.

The salmon fisheries of the river Bann, at Coleraine, are important; and afford a very considerable export,—three and four hundred salmon, have been more than once taken at a haul; and it is said, that on one occasion, the enormous number of 1500 were taken at a haul. It is certain, that 750 fish were taken on one day, in July 1824, the weight of which reached two tons.

I have already mentioned Port Rush. This, and Port-Stewart, are much frequented as bathing-places, by the people of this part of Ireland: the latter is a remarkably pretty spot, and a very flourishing one. It contains many good houses, finely sheltered,—and the sea-beach is all that bathers could desire. Port Rush reminded me considerably of Beiretz,—a little bathing-place near Bayonne. It is situated on, and under a promontory, which affords a fine healthful promenade; and a most extensive view of the northern coast, including all the headlands around the Giant's Causeway to the east, and the whole reach of

coast to the west, as far as the entrance to Loch Foyle, and the opposite point, called Innishoan-head,—a district, famous alike for whiskey and disturbance. The harbour is nearly completed; and a breakwater is now in course of being constructed, which, when finished, will afford perfect protection against the west winds, which prevail during the greater part of the year. Both Port Stewart and Port Rush were full of company when I visited them; and I found house-rent here, as at all the Irish watering and bathing-places, exorbitantly dear.

CHAPTER XIII.

Excursion to the Giant's Causeway—Dunluce Castle—the Causeway—the Caves—the Promontories—Estimate of the Scenery—Ballycastle—Journey to Antrim—Difference in Expenses in the North and South—Other Differences—Ballymoney, and Ballymena—Antrim and its Round Tower—Shanes Castle—Loch Neagh.

BEFORE proceeding on my journey through Antrim towards Belfast, I of course dedicated a couple of days to the Giant's Causeway and its neighbourhood. One may either go direct from Coleraine to the causeway, or coastwise, by the ruins of Dunluce Castle. Visiting the Causeway from Coleraine, the latter is, of course, the road to choose. I found nothing particularly interesting between Coleraine and Dunluce Castle, except the view of the ocean, which is always pregnant with associations and recollections. It is not often that the traveller in Ireland sees the ocean, even

although he visits many places on the sea-coast; for the coast is so indented with bays and inlets, that the roads do not, and cannot skirt the open sea; and the towns are all situated at the head of the bays, or towards the mouths of rivers. Donegal, and Londonderry, and Sligo, and Westport, and Roundstone, and Galway, and Bantry, and Limerick, and Cork, and Wexford, and Belfast, all lie within the bays, or far up the estuaries; and therefore, though glimpses of the ocean are caught beyond the entrance to the bays, I think I had only twice seen the open sea,—once at Youghall, and again at Valencia isle.

Dunluce Castle has the reputation of being one of the finest ruins in Ireland. I cannot understand how this reputation has been acquired. The situation only of the ruin is fine: if it stood inland, on a level field, the ruin would scarcely attract a glance, unless, perhaps, on account of its extent; for as a building, there is nothing fine or beautiful about it. The *tout-ensemble*, however, is very imposing. The ruins occupy the summit of a detached rock, which is perpendicular towards the sea, above which, it rises about a hundred feet;

and it is separated from the main land, by a chasm about twenty feet across. The only mode of entrance to the castle, is by a narrow path that runs along the summit of an arch, which connects the castle with the main land. There was formerly another parallel arch, and some kind of flooring connected the two; but one arch only remains; and the footway across, being scarcely eighteen inches wide, and the chasm underneath, being of considerable depth, some little nerve is required by the explorer. The inside of the ruin presents nothing either curious or beautiful: there are a number of apartments; but the recompense for crossing the arch, is the view of the sea, underneath the projecting ruin; and the sound of the waves rushing into the cavern which penetrates the whole rock upon which the castle is built, and which may be entered on the land side. Many crumbling remains of buildings also stand on the main land, close to the castle; and I think it is from the window of one of the ruined apartments, a little to the west, that the best view of Dunluce Castle is to be obtained.

From Dunluce, the road to the Causeway skirts

the sea for a mile or two, and then diverges a little, to the small village, called Bush Mills; an improving little place, the property of Sir Francis M'Naughten, who has the character of being an improving landlord. From Bush Mills, about another mile brings one to a place, called Rock-heads, where vehicles and horses must be left, and a guide and boat hired. To see the Causeway, and the neighbouring promontories, to advantage, a boat is absolutely requisite; and the expense of a boat, and its crew, is fixed at 12*s*. The guide generally receives 5*s*. But, in order that the scenery of this part of Ireland—not merely the Causeway—but the coast to the eastward, be properly seen, the traveller must remain one day at Bush Mills, as head-quarters for the Causeway, and the next day must hire a boat to take him along the coast, as far at least as Fair-head. This was the plan which I adopted.

Having put myself under the care of the guide, I was first conducted to the caves,—one of which is entered by land,—the other only by water. I was pleased with both of these, although I think caves generally disappoint one. There is certainly

something closely bordering on the sublime, in the gloominess and solitariness of a great sea cavern, and in the rush and deep thunder of the resistless waves that bound into it. The cave, which is accessible only by water, is said to be of unknown magnitude: it is certain that the rush of the waters is heard far beyond the point to which the boat is able to penetrate. Upon the whole, I preferred the former of these caverns, although the other very far exceeds it in dimensions.

I was now conducted, by a path underneath the cliffs, to the Giant's Causeway; and, after walking about half a mile, the guide stopped, and pointing a few hundred yards forward, said, "There is the Giant's Causeway." I confess I was disappointed. The guide seemed to anticipate this; and although I made no observation, he said, one required to step on the Causeway, in order to appreciate its wonders. I did so, and was still disappointed. I had heard of the Giant's Causeway from my earliest childhood; I had read in the guide-books, of the sublimity of this wonderful spectacle; and although I had long ago learned to appreciate the bombast of a guide-book, the very name—Giant's Cause-

way—seemed inseparably connected with scenes of the sublimest character. Imagination had pictured a far-spread congregation of rocks, broad enough for giants to plant their footsteps on; and wide enough asunder, for the stride of a giant. My picture was dissolved in a moment. I saw beneath my feet, and around me, an exceedingly curious spectacle; I trod upon a polygonal pavement,—a sort of platform, composed of the level heads of pillars, septagonal, pentagonal, and hexagonal, and closely fitting into each other; and, looking around me, I saw the pillars standing upright from this platform, forming distinct tiers, and, in some places, clusters of columns, and colonnades, measuring from twenty to thirty-three feet in height, and resembling, in some places, a honeycomb, and in others, the pipes of an immense organ. Now, I repeat, that nothing can be more curious than this, and that to the geologist few things are likely to be more interesting; but as for grandeur, or sublimity, I saw nothing of either.

From the Causeway, I was conducted to Pleaskin,—a singular, and singularly beautiful promontory, finely varied in colour, and exhibiting

its regular tiers of pillars, one over the other, —separated, however, from each other, by dark irregular rock, and altogether measuring in height, 154 feet.

My next excursion was by water, from the Causeway, to Ballycastle and Fair-head. For this excursion, calm weather is required; for it is necessary to keep near to the rocks in some places; and with every wind but a south wind, the swell of the sea along this coast, is great, and might chance to be dangerous. Eastward from the Causeway, the first promontory we passed, was Bengore,—three hundred and thirty feet high; but much inferior to the lower promontory of Pleaskin in the beauty of its formation; and certainly not sufficiently elevated to awaken the faintest impression of sublimity.

The next object of interest, is the swinging bridge of Carric-a-Rede. There is here, a headland, or rather, an insulated rock, projecting some distance into the sea, on which a small cottage stands, used by the fishermen during the salmon season. Between this rock and the main-land, there is a chasm, about sixty feet wide; and here, a

bridge of ropes has been thrown across. Two ropes are stretched from rock to rock, parallel to each other; across these, twelve-inch-wide planks are laid, and properly secured: a slender rope elevated about three feet, runs parallel with the bridge; and as the adventurous person crosses the bridge, this slender rope serves him to slide his hand over. The height of the bridge, above the water, is about eighty feet.

Before proceeding to Fair-head, we stopped at the little town of Ballycastle, which I reached about five hours after leaving the Causeway. Here I had some refreshment; and there being still four or five hours of the day left, I visited Fair-head the same evening.

Fair-head, or Benmore, is the highest promontory on the coast. It is about five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea; and is composed of basaltic pillars, some of them two hundred feet high; while below, a vast congregation of masses of rock extends into the sea. This is certainly the finest object along the whole line of coast; and if anywhere here the sublime is to be found, it is certainly at Fair-head. Amongst other

things, to which the traveller is conducted, is "the Grey Man's Path." This is a fissure in the rock, across which a huge fragment has fallen, and is supported by the rocks on either side. I should think there must be some legend connected with this name. At all events, it would be no difficult thing to invent one.

I have now briefly enumerated the wonders of this part of the coast,—the Giant's Causeway, and its neighbouring promontories, cliffs, and caverns. I will not affect enthusiasm where I feel none: and I must candidly acknowledge, that, in the object from which I expected the most, I was the most disappointed. I need scarcely say, that I speak of the Giant's Causeway, and its accompaniments, as visual objects merely, not as addressing the understanding. There is no doubt, that to the scientific observer, there is abundant scope for wonder and admiration; and the most careless observer even, will perceive, that nature has here performed a curious piece of handiwork; but the formation of a cliff, in tiers of basaltic columns, though in the highest degree curious, does not make the cliff more sublime; scarcely, I think, is

it so much so, as when it exhibits a solid front of perpendicular rock: and there is besides, nowhere, along the whole coast, sufficient elevation to produce sublimity. Five hundred and fifty feet, is really a very inconsiderable precipice. The traveller then, who visits the Giant's Causeway, expecting to find Nature in her most majestic form, and associating, as I did, with the name, something very sublime, will certainly be disappointed; but if he goes to see something very curious,—something calculated to excite wonder and admiration, he will undoubtedly leave the Causeway fully satisfied.

I returned to Ballycastle in the evening; and before proceeding to Coleraine, I visited some ruined castles which lie at but a short distance from the town. One of these, the ruins of Dunninny Castle, is situated on a crag three hundred feet above the sea, but there is very little of the ruin now standing. Another, the ruins of Kenbane Castle, is situated still more imposingly, on a bolder and more elevated Promontory. Of this castle, one tower remains. There are other ruins besides these; but I did not visit them.

In the neighbourhood of Fair-head, collieries are situated, respecting which, some singular facts have been established. In the year 1770, the colliers, on pushing forward an adit, towards the bed of coal in an unexplored part of the cliff, discovered a narrow passage, which, on being examined, was found to be a gallery, pushed forward many hundred yards into the bed of coal,—that it had many branches and chambers; and that these had been formed in a workmanlike manner; and that it was in all respects a regular coal mine: remains of rude tools even, and baskets were found, but they were entirely rotten; and there was no reason to doubt, that this colliery had been worked in some very remote era.

Having returned to Coleraine, I now left that town for Antrim and Belfast. But before proceeding on my journey, let me observe, that since I had got into the north of Ireland, travelling had become somewhat more expensive,—not conveyance from place to place; the hire of cars continued the same; but the charges at the inns. Breakfasts had risen from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*; dinners, from 2*s.* to 3*s.*; tea, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; and servants and car-drivers were not

contented with the same remuneration that satisfied them farther south. I should say, that travelling is about one-fourth dearer in the north, than in the south of Ireland.

I found another point of difference between the north and the south. Information is not so readily obtained in the north. I do not say it is refused; but it is not so readily proffered. In the south, it is enough that you are a stranger and a traveller, seeking information. In the north, the why and the wherefore are wanted. I of course make an exception of those individuals to whom good letters of introduction are presented: and there are doubtless other exceptions. But that which I have stated, is true generally; and is nothing different from what might be expected from the different character of the people in the north and in the south of Ireland.

From Coleraine, the first few miles of the road are pretty, lying along the bank of the Bann; which flows through fine cultivated grounds, and flourishing plantations: but the river is soon left to the right, and there is then little to interest or attract. Ballymoney is an indifferently built town,

containing about 2000 inhabitants; but a place of some trade, and with a good linen market. Between Ballymoney and Ballymena, there is little or nothing worthy of notice: part of the way the country is cultivated, but flat and uninteresting; and part, there is a pretty wide tract of bog-land. Antrim is, for the most part, a flat, cultivated, and not very interesting county, excepting on the coast, and by the side of Belfast loch. It is, perhaps, the only county in Ireland, in which there is anything approaching to a yeomanry; for here, are found a considerable number of large farmers, who hold land in perpetuity, at very low rents; and these form a respectable and useful class of men, standing in the place of the substantial English farmer, and conferring upon the districts where they live, all the benefits which arise from resident landlords.

Ballymena is reckoned a flourishing town; it has some good streets, and respectable-looking houses, and is noted for the extent of its linen market. The observations which I have already made on the linen trade, when speaking of Coleraine, are applicable to Ballymena, and to the

whole of this district. From Ballymena to Antrim, there are two roads, one passing through Randalstown; the other, leaving it on the right. The former passes nearer to Shane's Castle, and Loch Neagh; but as I purposed remaining a day at Antrim, and visiting Shanes, I took the latter route. I ought not to omit mentioning, that there is a Moravian settlement at a village called Gracehill, near to Ballymena, which I did not visit; but which I understand, exhibits a very pleasing picture of prosperity, comfort, and contentedness.

A considerable part of the county of Antrim, on this line of road, is not apparently in quite so prosperous a condition, as some other parts of the north. A very comfortable peasantry cannot be expected where the country is unfruitful. There is much bog-land on this line of road; and although I saw nothing like the poverty of the south, I did not recognize so large a share of general comfort amongst the people, as I had observed in some other districts.

Antrim is a small town, very pleasantly situated on a bay of Loch Neagh. There is but one street, and nothing in the town worthy of notice; but its

environs possess considerable interest. The same evening I reached Antrim, I walked to its round tower, about a mile distant. It is in good preservation, and I believe is considered to be one of the best specimens. Its height is ninety-five feet, and its general construction much the same as that of the other round towers. This round tower is not, like many of its brethren, situated on an elevation; but stands on a perfect flat, and is surrounded by wood, above which it lifts its grey tapering head with fine effect.

The following day, I devoted to Shane's Castle, the family seat of the O'Neills,—and to the banks of Loch Neagh. I walked to Shane's Castle, through the grounds pertaining to Massareen Castle, which are themselves worth a visit; and after an agreeable saunter of a couple of hours, I reached Lord O'Neill's domain. The mansion was consumed by fire in 1816, the only part that escaped the fire being the conservatory of plants. The building is a perfect ruin: some towers are yet standing; and the very extensive vaults, shew the immense extent of the building.

But the object of greatest interest, is the magni-

ficent expanse of water which borders this domain. Loch Neagh is twenty miles long, and fifteen broad: its circumference is eighty miles, and it covers an area of 98,000 acres. The counties that form its banks, are Antrim, Tyrone, Down, Armagh, and Londonderry; and it occupies nearly the centre of the province of Ulster. Its level is about thirty feet above that of the sea. The islands of Loch Neagh are neither numerous nor very beautiful, with the exception of Ram's island, which has been tastefully laid out, by Earl O'Neill, and upon which, stands one of the round towers; but not one of the most elevated. The banks of Loch Neagh, are for the most part flat, never rising to any considerable elevation, and rarely even much departing from a perfect level. There cannot, therefore, be the bold and fine scenery on this lake, that distinguishes Killarney, Loch Erne, or Loch Swilly. There are, however, some fine domains on the banks; with all that kind of beauty, which wood, lawn, and cultivation can produce, unassisted by variety of surface.

The depth of Loch Neagh varies considerably at different seasons, but it is not anywhere of great

depth. In winter, its greatest depth is about fifty-seven feet; and in summer, it is about seven feet lower. The rise of the loch causes wide-spread inundations every winter, covering upwards of 50,000 acres of good land, and an immense tract of bog-land. These inundations are to be expected, owing to the number of large rivers which flow into Loch Neagh, and the comparatively inconsiderable exit which its waters have. Eight considerable rivers flow into Loch Neagh; and the river Bann, is the only outlet of its waters. The best means of preventing these wasteful inundations, would be, to deepen the bed, and improve in consequence, the navigation of the Bann.

Fish in great quantities, and of many varieties, abound in Loch Neagh; particularly, the shad, pike, trout, roach, bream, and char; and I must not omit to mention the petrifying qualities of Loch Neagh: in times past, healing qualities were ascribed to it also.

Next to Lake Ladoga, in Russia; Lake Vener, in Sweden; and the Lake of Geneva,— Loch Neagh is the largest lake in Europe.

CHAPTER XIV.

Road from Antrim to Belfast—Indications of Prosperity—The People of Belfast, and their Character and Pursuits—Rapid Advance of the Town—Details respecting Trade—The Linen Trade of Ulster—Its present Condition and Prospects—Flax Spinning Mills—The Cotton, Muslin, and other Manufactures—Exports and Clearances—Employment of Labour in Belfast, and Enumeration of Sources of Employment—Literature—Political Opinions—Religious Sects—Increase of the Catholic Population—The Belfast Merchant—Traits of Character—Public Institutions—The Great Proprietors—The surrounding Country—Carrick-Fergus.

THE road from Antrim to Belfast presents little to interest the traveller. I passed through a country, all under cultivation; very populous; and adorned by handsome country houses, shewing by the bleach-fields in their neighbourhood, that they were the property of the linen merchants. A few miles before reaching Belfast, a magnificent view is disclosed of Belfast loch, the town, and the surround-

ing country, from the height over which the road passes; and by a fine road, and a gentle descent, you soon after enter the town.

It needs but a glance at Belfast and the surrounding country, to perceive that this town, and its neighbouring districts, have nothing in common with the rest of Ireland. It is true that Londonderry, Coleraine, and the other northern towns and districts, do not present a contrast to Belfast;—the perfect contrasts must be looked for in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught: but the visual evidences of prosperity are so much more abundant, and so much more striking in Belfast, than even in the other most flourishing towns of Ulster, that I am justified in saying, that Belfast has little or nothing in common with the rest of Ireland. Within the town, and without the town, the proofs of prosperity are equally striking. Walk towards the outskirts, and fine broad streets, and handsome rows, and squares—evidently but of yesterday, and as evidently the residences of wealthy persons—are seen stretching, in all directions, from the central parts of the town:—return into the commercial part of the town, and nothing will be seen that

might not justify a comparison with the most flourishing among the manufacturing and commercial cities of the empire. Walk into the neighbouring country, and the evidences of enterprise and capital are still more abundant. On all sides are seen, near and far, manufactories, or mills, as they are called, of immense extent, evidently newly erected, and vying,—nay, I think, surpassing,—in size, and in all other respects, the mills and factories of our great manufacturing towns: others are seen in course of erection; and, round and round, scores of tall chimneys, and their clouds of utilitarian smoke, remind one of Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds. No mud cabins,—these I had left behind me long ago,—no poor cottages form a suburb, or disfigure it; and neither in the streets, nor in the suburbs, is the eye arrested by objects of compassion. There is, in fact, no trace of an Irish population among any class: the lower orders are not ragged, and starving; and idle,—because unemployed: the middle and upper classes are not loungers and men of pleasure. Pleasure, in Belfast, is a very secondary consideration. No town, perhaps, of the United Kingdom contains so few, who live upon a fixed

income, derived from capital or property. Every one has something to do; and every one appears to find pleasure in doing something. Tradesmen do not here shut up shop, and set up for fine gentlemen, on the strength of a few thousand pounds. Merchants do not ingeniously mingle the *utile* and the *dulce*. Business is life here—and life is business: and the merchant, worth 50,000*l*., looks upon it as a sufficient relaxation from the toils of the Linen-hall, that he spends the evening at his country house, and regales his eye with a view of his well-filled bleach-field. It is impossible that Cork, Limerick, or Waterford, should ever become altogether like Belfast; because the character of the Scotch and the Irish is essentially different: but of this difference, and of the cause of the superior condition of the north, I have already spoken at sufficient length.

The present town of Belfast is but of twenty-five years' standing: at least one-third of the town has been built within the last fifteen years; and no town of the United Kingdom has had so rapid an increase in population. Seventy years ago, Belfast contained but 8000 inhabitants. Its present popu-

lation is 65,000. It has therefore doubled itself three times in seventy years; and, in all respects, its improvement and prosperity have been commensurate with the increase of population, and, indeed, have necessarily gone hand in hand with it. It is greatly to be regretted, that in the improvements and extension of Belfast, architectural beauty has been so little consulted. Regularity appears to be all that is aimed at: every house is brother to its neighbour; and streets and rows present unbroken lines of buildings, uniform in height, and unrelieved by the least architectural ornament. A chaste architectural design is not at all inconsistent with moderate expense; but anything is better than the *liny hungry* look of the modern streets of Belfast. If a beautiful architectural design be too high a flight for the architect, let him, at least, take refuge in the picturesque.

Let me now speak, shortly, of the present condition of the trade and manufactures of this emporium of the north of Ireland:—and first of the linen trade, in which important changes have been effected of late.

I have already, when speaking of Coleraine,

slightly alluded to the effect of the American tariff: to this I must again advert. When this tariff was published; or rather, when it was even known to be in contemplation, a great increase immediately took place in the demand for linen cloth: this demand was of course met by increased production; and hence, mills for spinning yarn began to spring up. This was the beginning of a great and important change. The operation of spinning, used previously to be performed altogether by the hand labour of the women, throughout the country districts; while the weaving was, in like manner, performed by the men. The event, however, to which I have alluded, was the commencement of a change, which, although far from being as yet generally effected, is rapidly proceeding. The erection of spinning mills quickly succeeded each other; and when the American market opened, the quantity spun and bought, was found to be somewhat beyond the demand: there is little doubt, however, that the trade would immediately have recovered itself, had it not been for the money project of General Jackson, which unsettled the market, and threw back the trade,—leaving a large

stock at home and abroad, in the hands of both spinner and merchant. I found, however, a general impression amongst those best qualified to judge, that although the trade had been a little overdone, yet, that when the American money market should be settled, and if the French commercial system should continue on its present footing, the linen trade would again recover from its present temporary depression, and become, if not a highly flourishing trade, at least a healthy and remunerating one. A very large capital has been recently invested in the erection of spinning mills; and there is, perhaps, reason to think, that this investment has been carried sufficiently far: eight or ten of these extensive buildings have been newly erected, or are now in course of erection. Their whole arrangements and machinery are faultless; and I would recommend the traveller, to visit the magnificent establishment of Messrs. Mulholland, from which some idea may be formed of the enterprise of Belfast merchants, and of the capital at their disposal.

In several of the new spinning mills of Belfast, we see, not the investment of new capital, but the

transfer of capital from the cotton trade, for which flax spinning has been substituted. The cotton trade is exposed to greater risks. Manchester possesses advantages, against which, no other place can successfully compete. The vicinity of the great cotton market to Manchester, gives to it a decided advantage; and the cotton trade is there carried on, on so extensive a scale, that it must always command the preference of American and other foreign purchasers. Labour is, no doubt, lower in Ireland; and in the production of some particular fabrics, this, with advantages of situation and of water power, may counterbalance the other superior advantages of Manchester; but the difference in the price of labour between Ulster and Lancashire, is not found to be an equivalent for the advantages I have named; and for the power of supplying, without delay, orders to any extent. The change from the cotton to the linen trade, appears to be a very natural transfer of capital: it is a change to a trade, the raw material of which is produced at home; a trade in which there is greatly less competition; and in which, Ireland has already a reputation made. I cannot help thinking, that

the spinning of worsted yarn, would be a profitable investment of capital in Ireland. It is certain that much of the raw material,—a bulky article,—is exported from Ireland. In this manufacture, the raw material would be found at home; and, what is of still more importance, there would be a home market for the manufactured article.

Capital, throughout Ireland, is evidently flowing into the linen trade, which is indeed the natural manufacture of the country. Weaving is not now, as it was formerly, performed exclusively by the countryman on his own account. The manufacturer purchases the yarn of the spinners, either of Belfast or of England; and gives it out to the country people to be wove. Some attempts at power weaving have been made; but hitherto without much success: the attempt, however, is not relinquished; and should it ever perfectly succeed, there would be a fearful, though no doubt a temporary change for the worse, in the condition of the population of these districts. This, indeed, may be partly looked for, from the spread of spinning mills. Throughout the greater part of Ulster, land is held in very small portions; and the su-

perior comforts of the country people have been, in some considerable degree, owing to the domestic linen manufacture. The transference of spinning from hand labour to power, will be most sensibly felt; and if power should also be employed in weaving, it will perhaps be seen, how much of the superior character, conduct, and condition of the labouring classes of the north, has been the result of employment and its rewards.

The establishments of the merchants in the Linen-hall, are well worth a visit; the linen made up for the market, is really a pretty sight to one who never saw it before, bound round with its embossed gilt paper, and gaudy ribbons. The expense of ornamenting the linen, increases the price to the purchaser from a penny to a penny halfpenny a yard; but in the American market, they would not look at the linen unless it were so ornamented. One would not expect this of sturdy republicans. The bleaching fields are also worth a visit. The principal of these lie a mile or two out of town; and it is the general practice of the merchant to live near to his bleach-field.

The wages of all the persons employed in a

bleaching house, average from 6*s.* to 9*s.* per week; but the labour averages more than twelve hours per day: the wages of boys employed in the bleach-works, are from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* In the flax-spinning mills, girls earn from 2*s.* to 4*s.* shillings per week: and the average wages of weavers may be stated at about 8*s.* These are undoubtedly low wages; but the linen trade is of that peculiar character, that the labour of young and old, boys and girls, is required: and although the weaver earns but 8*s.* per week, he has perhaps two girls, who earn 6*s.* between them on the spinning wheel; and a boy or two, who earn 3*s.* or 4*s.* a-piece in the bleach-field.

Next in importance to the linen trade of Belfast, stands the calico trade. I have mentioned, that there is a disposition to transfer capital from this trade to the spinning of flax; but the latter trade is, notwithstanding, not a declining trade: it is not carried on to the same extent as heretofore, but it is said to be still a wholesome trade. I cannot, however, consider a trade to be wholesome, which does not provide a decent sustenance to those who labour in it. The manufacture of calico is carried

on both by power and by hand-loom; but wages are very low, not averaging more than 4*s*. per week. Calico weaving is paid by the piece, and is performed in the country; there is no calico weaving in the town of Belfast. The cotton printing business, is at present almost extinct; but it is a common opinion, that it will revive, though not with Irish capital, but by the agency of Manchester houses, who would find their advantage in employing Irish print-works, by the greater facility which they would have, of concealing patterns.

Next to the cotton trade, the muslin trade is the most important. This may be said to be at present a thriving trade; wages are higher than formerly, and labour indeed somewhat scarce; but this is perhaps partly owing to the strike of the muslin weavers of Glasgow, and consequent temporary employment of Irish labour. This trade may be said, however, to be upon the whole, moderately prosperous. The wages of labour in it, average about 8*s*. per week.

Besides these larger manufactures of Belfast, there are other lesser channels of employment. There is a considerable quantity of labour em-

ployed, and fairly remunerated, in the manufacture of weavers' looms and shuttles, &c.—a branch of trade which will also become extinct by the adoption of power; and female labour is pretty extensively employed in the embroidering and working of muslins for the English market. Belfast has also some distilleries and breweries, and glass-works, and many tan-yards, and vinegar works, and soap-boiling houses. All of these, manufacture for the home market. In Belfast, as in the other sea-ports, the general import trade has gone out of the hands of the general merchant; but has been only more widely diffused among the smaller dealers, who are now almost all importers.

The export trade of Belfast, is large and increasing in every branch,—in grain, in provisions, in butter. In linen, I have already said, that Belfast is the point of export for the whole linen districts; it is also the point of export for a large grain district.

The gross Custom-house receipts for the year, ending 5th January, 1832, were 200,570*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*

The gross receipts for 1833, were 216,280*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*; and for the year, ending 5th January, 1834, the amount were 228,945*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*

In the year, ending 5th January, 1832, 2764 vessels, measuring 226,174 tons, cleared inwards, coastwise. In the year, ending 5th January, 1833, the number of vessels was 2787, and the tonnage 230,400. In the last year, the number of vessels inwards, had increased to 3078, and the tonnage to 262,508.

Outwards, coastwise, there has also been an increase. In 1831, the tonnage was 155,416; in 1382, 167,857; and in 1833, 174,694.

In foreign trade, the increase has been no less remarkable. In 1831, 27,944 tons cleared inwards; in 1832, the amount was 29,559; and in 1833, 33,128. Outwards, the foreign trade tonnage in 1831, was 35,335; in 1832, it amounted to 32,117; and in 1833, it was 31,665.

I do not think any apology necessary, for this somewhat lengthened notice of the manufactures and trade of Belfast. To many it will be uninteresting, and by them it may be passed over: but Belfast and its neighbourhood, being the great centre of the linen trade of Ulster, the prosperity of which so much depends upon the condition and prospects of that trade; and great and important

changes being at present rapidly accomplishing in the linen trade of Ulster, I thought it necessary to be explicit; more especially as the changes to which I have adverted, must materially affect the condition of the labouring classes of the north of Ireland.

From the details which I have given, it may be gathered, that there is little complaint of want of employment in Belfast and its neighbourhood. The sources of employment are many. The export trade, and the extensive bacon and provision yards connected with it, are one important source of employment. The shipping and ship-building, also connected with it, employ many. Of the linen trade, as the most fertile of all sources of employment, I have already spoken at sufficient length. To this must be added, as other sources of employment, the calico and muslin trade. I have also mentioned the domestic manufacture of tools and utensils employed in these manufactures: to all these sources of employment, must be added, the demand for mason and carpenter work, and common labour, in so improving a town; together with the porterage and other labour required, in a town

to and from which, between seventy and eighty public conveyances run daily. Altogether, there is nearly full and constant employment for labour in Belfast. I visited many of the houses of the lower class, in the suburbs and lanes of the town, and found no complaint of want of work: and I am inclined to think, that all the healthy and industrious labourers, can afford to live in tolerable comfort. I know that labourers could with difficulty be found when I was at Belfast; and the ordinary rate of wages was then 1*s.* 3*d.* per day. The number of infirm and diseased poor in Belfast, bears no comparison with the infirm pauper population of Limerick. In a city where there is no employment for the people, there must be a constant increase in the number of diseased and infirm; since a few weeks of privation, and imperfect and unwholesome nourishment, or even a day or two of abstinence, will reduce the strongest able-bodied labourer to the condition of an infirm pauper, and lay him on a sick-bed. And besides, no large quarter of Belfast, is the property of a Lord Limerick.

The middle classes of Belfast, are not only a

thinking, but an educated, and a reading people. There are no fewer than fourteen booksellers in Belfast; and all of them enjoy a fair share of business. Nor are libraries wanting. The Linen-hall library, contains about 9000 volumes; the town contains four circulating libraries, and more than one private book society; and several others are established in the neighbouring villages. Reading clubs are indeed numerous, among the country people of Down, Antrim, and Armagh,—I mean, among the lower classes; and are well and liberally conducted. I ascertained, that the number of Tory periodicals sold in Belfast, does not amount to half the number sold, of a Liberal character. Of the monthly periodicals, Tait's Magazine enjoys the largest circulation; and next to it, comes the Dublin University Magazine.

As for the political opinions of Belfast, the people here are not, as they are in some parts of the north, bound neck and heel to Ultra-Toryism, and High-Church abuses. I found in Belfast, a large, though not a concentrated moderate party,—liberals; and supporters of the present administration. The members of the Church of England,

of the upper classes, are almost all Conservatives; while the lower classes of all descriptions of Protestants,—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists, are Orangemen. But the respectable middle classes of the Presbyterians and their dissenters (who, together form the chief body of the population), and many also, of the Methodists, are liberal, and moderate in their opinions. This classification applies not to Belfast only; but to the greater part of the province of Ulster, especially its towns. And I will take this opportunity of observing, that the assertion so frequently and confidently made, that the present government has no supporters in Ireland, is untrue. I feel myself entitled to assert, that a moderate party is steadily growing in Ireland: and although the greater numbers, as well as greater vehemence of the two great parties, — the Tory and the Catholic party,—throw the third into shade; and although it may not be at present so concentrated as to entitle it to take the name of a distinct party; yet, among the intelligence of Ireland, thousands are scattered, who hold moderate views, and who are ready to adhere to any government that will un-

compromisingly hold a middle course,—despising alike, the ravings of Orangemen, and the insidious friendship of mock patriots; listening only to the voice of compassion, and the calls of justice.

The population of Belfast is divided into many religious sects. The most numerous sect, is the Presbyterian, and its dissenters; the Catholics come next; then the Church; and then the Methodists. Besides these, there are of course smaller sects, such as Baptists, Unitarians, &c. The increase in the Catholic population of Belfast, has been great of late years. Sixty years ago, the number of Catholics did not reach sixty families; twenty years ago, their numbers amounted to about 4000; and at present, the Catholic population reaches 15,000. This is no real increase of Popery. The whole population twenty years ago, was about half what it is at present; and although the Catholic population has trebled itself since that time, this is only a result of the rapid increase of the town in prosperity, by which labour has been attracted from the country.

I have already spoken at some length, of the distinctive character of the people of the north.

Nowhere is this seen more clearly than in Belfast. Even among the richest merchants and manufacturers, many of whom are worth 50,000*l.*, and some, perhaps double that sum, no display is seen: no pomp, or ostentation. Things are plain, but comfortable; and although there is no want of courtesy, and attention to strangers, who are well recommended, the hospitalities of Belfast are not offered with that *empressement* which distinguishes the south and west. The people of Belfast count the cost of everything; and to this disposition, the Belfast merchant owes, in a great measure, the possession of those means of enterprise and liberality, which are shewn in his own private speculations, as well as in the public benefits for which the town is indebted to him. The merchants of Belfast are too busy, and too much occupied in money getting, to have time for much company keeping; and Sunday, which in the south and west, is a day of pleasure, is here passed at church and meeting houses.

I must not, in this notice of Belfast, omit all mention of its public buildings and institutions. These are numerous, and well regulated. Among

the many churches and chapels, only two or three are distinguished by their architecture. Much ornament is not to be looked for in the religious edifices which are chiefly devoted to Presbyterianism and its sects.

The most important public institution, is called "the Academical Institution." The exterior of this building is no way remarkable; but I believe it is considered fully to answer the purposes for which it was instituted. The institution comprehends a school, and a collegiate department; both of them, providing a comprehensive system of education. The Presbyterian bodies of Ireland, accept the certificates of this institution, as equivalent to a degree of M. A. from the Scotch universities; and almost all of the candidates for the Presbyterian ministry in Ireland, are now educated at Belfast. Attached to the institution, there is a library of about 2000 volumes; and the foundation of a museum has been laid.

Belfast has many societies intended for intellectual improvement; among which I would name, a Literary Society, an Historic Society, a Natural History Society, to which a museum is attached; a Mechanics' Institute; and a Botanic Garden.

Nor is there any want of institutions for the alleviation of man's bodily wants and sufferings. Among the buildings dedicated to trade, the most important are, the Commercial Buildings, and the White Linen Hall; the former of which is a handsome structure; and the latter,—the great receptacle of the wealth of Belfast—is well worthy the attention of the traveller. It would be easy to enlarge upon the public institutions, &c. of Belfast; but longer details of this nature would be inconsistent with my plan.

The great proprietors in and about Belfast, are, the Marquis of Donegal; the Marquis of Hertford; and Colonel Packenham. The first of these has no power over his property: both in and out of the town, it is all let on lease in perpetuity, on payment of fines. There is a large class, however, of respectable middle-men; and land in the neighbourhood, I consider moderately let. Neither is the Marquis of Hertford's land exorbitantly high let; though it is somewhat higher than it ought to be. Colonel Packenham has the reputation of being a good landlord; and his land is the lowest let of any in the neighbourhood.

The country, around Belfast, is extremely beautiful. The loch stretches on one side, and the fine and tolerably elevated range of hills, which bound it, and partly encircle the town, present much beauty and variety: they are cultivated nearly to the summit; and their slopes are thickly studded with the country houses of the merchants. But the environs of Belfast are seen to most advantage in an excursion to Carrick-Fergus, where I spent a day, before leaving this part of the country. Choose the time of full tide to leave Belfast for Carrick-Fergus, and no one can be otherwise than delighted. The scenery on Belfast loch is not bold: it is soft and pleasing. The breadth of the loch averages about five miles; and both the Down and the Antrim banks, are finely diversified by cultivation, and by numerous seats and villages. As we approach Carrick-Fergus, the town, and especially the castle, become prominent and striking objects; and indeed it is the situation, more than anything within the town, that renders this place interesting. The parish church is a venerable edifice, and contains some monuments worthy of notice: but the castle is the object of the greatest interest. It

stands upon a rock, which is peninsular; and with its grey, time-worn, and massive walls, and lofty circular towers, arrests, in no ordinary degree, the attention of the traveller. The commercial importance which once attached to Carrick-Fergus, has long since been transferred to Belfast; but this place and not Belfast, being the county-town, the assizes are held here, and a certain degree of importance—more nominal than real—still belongs to it. I did not remain long enough in Carrick-Fergus to make my accustomed inquiries; but returned to Belfast the same evening, with pleasant and vivid recollections of the beautiful country I had passed through, and of the ancient city of Carrick-Fergus.

CHAPTER XV.

Belfast to Armagh—The City of Armagh—The Archbishop—His Grounds and Mansion—The Cathedral—Political and Religious Opinions—Chief Land-owners—Lords Charlemont, Gosford, and Caledon—New System pursued on Lord Gosford's Estate—Armagh to Newry—Newry; its People and Trade—Land-owners—Marquis of Downshire, Earl Roden, and Earl of Kilmorey—Rostrevor, Warren's Point, and Carlingford Bay.

I now left Belfast, for the archiepiscopal city of Armagh. I travelled by the old road to Lisburn, and passed through a rich, populous, and highly cultivated country;—the range of Antrim hills rising to the right; with numerous country houses, generally surrounded or flanked by bleach-fields, scattered over their nearer slopes. Lisburn is a clean, neat, and lively town, enjoying a good trade; and, of the inhabitants, I may merely say, that the observations I have already made upon the condition of the people of Ulster, apply to Lisburn, and

to all places where the linen trade has established itself. Beyond Lisburn, the country is neither so beautiful, nor so naturally fertile, as between Belfast and Lisburn; but it is all under cultivation; and industry exacts the most from it. No object of great interest presents itself between Lisburn and Armagh, which I reached too late in the evening to permit me to do more than distribute my letters of introduction.

Armagh is a thriving, respectable, and agreeably situated town, containing about 10,000 inhabitants. The country round the city is wavy, well diversified with wood, highly cultivated, and very populous. The city itself exhibits unerring signs of improvement. New and handsome rows of houses are seen in several directions; and, in the appearance of the private houses, and of the shops, there are evidences, not merely of wealth, but of what some would call—gentility,—for want of a better word. Here, as in every other part of the province of Ulster that I had yet visited, I found the linen trade advancing; and I ascertained that, during at least a year previous to my visiting Armagh, want of employment had been unknown; and, indeed, at

the time of which I speak, the supply of labour was not equal to the demand.

I had not been long in Armagh, before I paid a visit to the domain of the Lord Primate. The grounds of his grace are kept in excellent order, and are laid out with much taste. Near to the gate, but within the park, there is a holy well, where, it is said, St. Patrick, being in want of water to baptize, miraculously obtained it by striking the rock. The Protestant archbishop's park is an awkward locality for a holy well: and since it has been comprehended within his grace's domain, a rival holy well has been set up in a more convenient place. Within the archbishop's grounds, there is also an obelisk of marble, a hundred and fifty-seven feet high, and of chaste proportions and decorations. It was erected by Archbishop Robinson, as a means of employing labourers, in a time of need; and this excellent man has, therefore, in the erection of this obelisk, unconsciously raised a monument to his own worth. The same individual erected, at his own expense, the archiepiscopal palace,—a building simple and chaste in its design, but no way remarkable for architectural beauty. A pretty

private chapel, on a classical design, stands near to the palace.

The cathedral is an object of more interest. It is the oldest cathedral church in Ireland; and had so given way in many places, that being no longer a safe temple of devotion, it was resolved that it should be rebuilt. This plan, however, was altered; and the architect having commenced operations, many beautiful arches and windows were discovered to have been built up, in carrying into effect alterations which at former periods had been rendered necessary by the ravages of time. These beauties have now been laid open; but in the course of the present operations, other frailties in the building were discovered, which required the utmost skill and decision on the part of the architect. The pillars which supported the whole structure, were discovered to be bent from the perpendicular: and the perpendicularity of these pillars, the architect has already partly restored, and will no doubt restore effectually, by the contracting and expanding powers of heat and cold, applied to iron rods, which are passed from one pillar to the other,—the pillars being braced round with iron. Part of this vene-

rable edifice is as old as Henry III., and the more modern part is of the reign of Edward III. Attached to the cathedral, there is a valuable library, containing about 26,000 volumes. I never knew a public library conducted upon principles so liberal as those which regulate the library of Armagh. Every one resident within thirty miles of Armagh, is entitled to its benefits; and may carry away any book by depositing double its value.

The primate is, for the most part, resident in Armagh; and this high dignitary bears a good name in his city. He is liberal in his doings; and has an eye upon those who are less fortunately circumstanced than himself. He built, and he supports a fever hospital, at his own expense; he encourages improvement; is generous in his dealings with the people about him; and spends his income in Armagh. Towards the restoration of the cathedral also, he has subscribed 8000*l.*; and it is understood, that he will give whatever farther sums may be necessary.

Armagh is much divided in its political and religious opinions. There is supposed to be a

pretty equal division of Catholics and Protestants; of Conservatives and Liberals. I speak at present of the county of Armagh. The great land-owners are, for the most part, liberal. The middle ranks and shopkeepers of the town, are divided; but the majority being Presbyterians, are liberals. The farmers are generally Orangemen; and the lowest orders, who are mostly Catholics, are repealers. Armagh is not certainly so conservative, as might be expected in a place where the primate resides; especially, when to the influence of wealth and rank, is added, that which character commands.

Taking a circuit of ten miles round Armagh, the chief proprietors are Lords Charlemont, Gosford, and Caledon, and the Brownlow family. None of these are bad landlords; and Lord Caledon is all that could be desired—a really good resident country gentleman. I spent some hours in the neighbourhood of Caledon; and was greatly pleased with the aspect of everything. Every improvement, and every improving man upon his lordship's estate, is encouraged, and is permitted to reap the fruits of his industry. Lord Caledon is a

miller, and a flour-merchant. He has erected two large mills for flour and oats, at a cost of nearly 20,000*l.*: and he purchases from his tenants, whatever grain is brought to market, at the Armagh market price; supplying therefore to the farmers, a near and ready market. The rents on Lord Caledon's estate have been reduced at least 25 per cent., within the last seven years.

Lord Gosford's estate is entirely in the management of his lordship's agent, who has been adopting—and upon the whole, successfully—a new system in the management of the property. The holdings upon the estate are very small, and the tenants were mostly in arrears; and the choice was given them, either of being ejected, or of adopting a certain improved state of husbandry prescribed to them. This consisted chiefly in the stall-feeding of cows, in preserving the manure, and in a more judicious rotation, in which green crops should receive the attention they deserve. The system has, upon the whole, answered; though at first, all the obstacles which arise from ignorance and old usage, were encountered. Gradually, however, example, and the good results of the

system, had their influence; and the arrears are now greatly diminished. Other landlords too, particularly Colonel Close, have followed the example set: and although the complaint of high rents in Ireland be general and just, it will be admitted, that where the alternative is possible, it is better to bring up husbandry to the rent, than to bring down rent to the husbandry; for this more effectually raises the condition of the people, and opens new sources of employment.

The estate of Lord Charlemont is divided into too small holdings; but the land is not high let, comparatively with other parts of Ireland. Everywhere throughout Ulster, there is more employment for the people, and less competition for land; and consequently, lower rents than in the other provinces.

I must not quit Armagh, without mentioning the Observatory. This institution was founded and endowed by the late Archbishop Robinson; and the professorship is at present ably filled by Doctor Robinson, whose name stands deservedly high, among the astronomers of the present day.

Between Armagh and Newry, I passed through

an undulating, populous, and fully cultivated country; and from some of the heights, enjoyed an extensive prospect over a richly diversified landscape; and after a few hours' agreeable drive, I reached Newry, and alighted at Davis' Hotel.

Newry is a respectable-looking town: the lower and newest part of the town is well built, and contains many excellent houses and shops, and more than one handsome public building: and although the older town, built on the side of a steep ridge, possesses little attraction, yet, to one well acquainted with the Irish towns, even the worst parts of Newry will appear respectable: and it enjoys the rare distinction of having no wretched suburbs dragging their miserable length from every outlet. The Protestant church, and the Catholic chapel, both situated in the same street, and both newly erected, are worthy rivals to each other. They are remarkably handsome buildings; and what the Catholic chapel wants in height, it makes up for in capacity. About two-thirds of the population of Newry are Catholics; and the remaining third is nearly equally divided between Episcopalians and the other Protestant sects, of which

Presbyterians form by far the greatest proportion. Religious and political opinion run high in Newry.

Newry is a town of considerable trade, and of increasing consequence: its situation is well adapted for commerce; from Loch Carlingford, a canal communicates with the town; and from the town, is carried up to Loch Neagh. Newry, therefore, possesses immense advantages as a point of export; the water communication to Loch Neagh, throwing open the extensive corn districts which lie to the north and west. But the canal from Loch Carlingford to the town, is not thought sufficient for the trade; and it is intended to deepen the river navigation below Newry, so that vessels of three or four hundred tons burden may come up to the town; and this work is now proceeding.

The export trade of Newry is, next to Belfast, the largest in the north of Ireland. The tonnage inwards, during the last three years, averaged 60,000: outwards, about 45,000. The annual custom-house revenue, is about 130,000*l*. In all its exports, the town is increasing: in the article of butter alone, 80,000 casks are exported yearly;

and among the chief articles of import trade, I may name flax-seed, of which not less than 10,000 tons will have been this year received at the port of Newry.

The chief proprietors of the district round Newry, are the Marquis of Downshire, Earl Roden, and the Earl of Kilmorey. The last owns the land which lies nearest to the town; and his lands are let enormously high: neither the value of the land, nor the real interest of the landlord, determines the rent: competition alone regulates it. I saw rocky hill land, lying several miles from the town, and certainly not worth 10*s.* an acre, which had lately been let to the highest bidder, at 30*s.*

The Marquis of Downshire holds a deservedly high character as a landlord. Rack-rents are not to be found on his lordship's property; and his tenants are comfortable, and even prosperous. His lordship is also a zealous encourager of farming societies, which have been established under his auspices in many districts and parishes; and are found to be most useful,—not merely in their beneficial effects on husbandry; but also in promoting good feeling among persons of different ranks, and

of different opinions. Earl Roden also bears a high character among men of all parties: a character which must certainly be merited; since no man has pursued a course so little conciliatory as his lordship. The Conservative agitation of this part of Ireland, is not popular with the majority of the educated Conservative population. The Orange lodges are chiefly composed of the farmers, — a highly respectable class certainly; but very far inferior in intelligence and information, to the shopkeepers and tradesmen of the towns,—among whom, very few Orangemen are to be found.

I had heard much of the beauty of Rostrevor; and before leaving Newry, I devoted a day to it; and now that I have seen Rostrevor, I pronounce it to be one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland. The road from Newry to Rostrevor, skirts the river all the way, till it widens into Carlingford bay; and it is not often, that one passes through a finer valley than that which extends between Newry and the sea: the boundaries of the valley, can scarcely be finer than they are: and it possesses this rare distinction, that the mountains, in

place of gradually softening down into tameness, as the valley approaches the sea, rise into greater elevation: and the mountain boundaries of the lower part of Carlingford bay, rival in height and boldness, the wilds of Kerry and Galway. But there is here, a beautiful intermixture of the soft and smiling, with the abrupt and sterile. Cultivated slopes, and wooded heights, form the immediate banks of the river and the lake; and mansions, villas, and cottages, are every where thickly strewn; and the bay is so completely landlocked, that the calmness of its waters is generally in perfect union with the gentle beauty of the scenery.

A few miles below Newry, and about a mile before the river is merged in Carlingford bay, stands Narrow-water Castle. The river, which above and below, is several hundred yards wide, is here contracted by a huge protruding rock, from which rise the massive walls, and tower, of this ancient military defence. Then, a little farther, we come to Warren's Point, the bathing-place of Newry, and the great resort of the citizens on

Sundays. But, for summer quarters, commend me to the beautiful seclusion of Rostrevor. This famed village is situated on a gentle acclivity, rising from a little cove of Carlingford bay. Behind the village, picturesque and broken hills screen it from the east and north; and fine oak woods fill their ravines, and climb almost to their summits: the little cove is in front of the village, opening out into the wide circular bay, with its elevated, dark, and abrupt mountain boundaries; while on either side, the village is flanked by the happiest combination of wood and lawn, copse and garden, villa and cottage. Nature has certainly done much for Rostrevor; and art, enough.

Here, at Newry, I considered my journey throughout Ireland, to be nearly accomplished. I had intended indeed, to have travelled to Dublin by way of Navan, and the banks of the Boyne; but severe indisposition forced me to change this intention; and to proceed to the capital without deviation, and with more speed also, than had been my usual custom. Here, however, I shall pause, to introduce in this place, a chapter, which the mere tourist reader may pass over; but which I

recommend to the particular attention of all who are interested in the welfare of the Irish nation. I reserve, for a short concluding chapter, a brief notice of my progress from Newry to Dublin, and a few sketches of the capital and its neighbourhood, which I have omitted.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANSWERS,

To the Queries issued by Government, for the assistance of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Poor of Ireland, and

REPORT THEREUPON.

THE reader will probably recollect, that in a former chapter, I stated, that before leaving England I had been furnished, by the kindness of my friends, with copies of all the papers issued for the assistance and direction of the commissioners appointed by government to inquire into the condition of the Irish poor. The commissioners have been pursuing their inquiries during the present year; and I believe it will be yet some months before their Report be delivered. Meanwhile, and as a sort of preparation for the reception of that report, which will doubtless contain a mass of

important information, I venture to present my own report,—and in my own way. I trust that I shall not be accused of disrespect towards the commissioners, in thus anticipating them, and in first catching the public ear. I have my reasons for this.

It may appear extraordinary presumption in me to assert, that the statements of an humble individual like myself, are more entitled to carry weight with them, than the report of the government commissioners. But such, is my belief; and I will candidly state the grounds of such a belief.

I do not hesitate to say, that I, a single individual, an unpretending traveller, have possessed advantages, and means of eliciting truth, which no posse of persons, travelling as commissioners, and backed by authority of government, could ever command. If this be the fact, it follows that the belief I have mentioned above, must be justly founded.

No one I believe, who has any acquaintance with Ireland, will hesitate to say, that an official character, is that which is the least likely to inspire confidence. The mayors, magistrates, and mer-

chants, whom the commissioners may officially call before them, will no doubt answer the particular queries which may be addressed to them: but this, is only second-hand information; for the most important of these queries relate to that class of society of which these individuals can speak but imperfectly from their own knowledge. A few hours spent on a mountain side,—in confidential and free talk, in the cabins, or in the fields, with a dozen farmers, and labourers, is worth days of official interrogation: and I assert it to be a fact, that even supposing the commissioners to carry their inquiries into the minutiæ of personal observation of the mountain and the valley, as in some instances they did; yet, accompanied, as I know them to have been, by individuals known in the country, and frequently (as I have also access to know) these individuals not concealing the official character of the visitors, *the truth was not to be arrived at.* There is one sad omission in the instructions delivered to the commissioners.—There ought to have been printed in front, and in large characters, these words. "Upon no account, let your official character be known among the country

people, from whom you wish to receive true information."

On this head, my advantage over the commissioners is self-evident. There is something in the pride of office, that clings to poor human nature. It is difficult for his majesty's commissioner altogether to divest himself of his importance: nay, it is scarcely seemly that he should. But a traveller like myself, has no drawbacks of this kind. I had not to cloak my dignities, and achieve a triumph over my own importance, before I could make myself useful. I could freely take a glass of illicit whiskey with the farmer, and a potato with the labourer; and take a turn with him, in digging his turf: I could sit down in the hedge whiskey house; and jest with the landlady, and dance a jig with the daughter;—all which, would be very unseemly in a government commissioner. In order to win the confidence of an Irish peasant, the free and easy is absolutely essential.

But I possessed another, and still greater advantage over the commissioners. In most of my voyages of discovery, among the mountains and valleys, as well as in the suburbs of the towns,

I was accompanied by my wife. Some may smile at this acknowledgment; but all who know any thing of the Irish peasantry, will at once perceive the importance of this advantage. In so miserable a condition are the peasantry of Ireland, and so little good understanding is there, between the upper, and the lower ranks, that the sight of a well-dressed person approaching the cabin door, or the farm inclosure, instantly begets suspicion. The appearance of a female as quickly disarms it. Drivers, and agents, and tithe-proctors, and excise officers, are not accompanied in their visits by ladies; nor indeed, *any* official person. So small too, is the intercourse between the aristocracy of Ireland, and the lower orders, that the visit of a lady, to a cabin, is regarded as a peculiar condescension, and is met by a proportional confidence; and moreover, does not everybody know, how amity and confidence are won, by little kindnesses shewn to the children of an Irish mother; and that a halfpenny to one, and a penny to another, and kind inquiries, beget a world of good will. I repeat, that the smiling face of a lady, and the "God save all here!" from a stranger and a

traveller, are better means of winning the confidence of the Irish peasant, than all the powers with which government commissioners were ever invested.

I will name another advantage, which I believe myself to possess. The inquiries of the commissioners were intrusted to different individuals, whose duties were confined to different districts, in different counties; and from the information furnished by these individuals, the general report will of course be framed. Now, the disadvantage of this, is obvious. The commissioner, whose duties extend over districts of Derry, Down, or Antrim, knows nothing of the west and south; and the condition which appears to him to be, and which he reports to be, very miserable, would have appeared very different, if he had seen the poor of Leinster and Munster. He is not in a condition to speak comparatively of the condition of the poor; and the true causes of the differences which exist, are left untouched. Again, the commissioners are not, of course, all equally well qualified for their task: and the general report, therefore, must be framed from materials unequal in their value; and from

statements necessarily differing, even in authenticity. These defects do not attach to the report of one who has travelled over every part of a country, and who is thus enabled to compare one part with another.

I have reserved to the last, the mention of one other advantage. I cannot help thinking, that the practice and experience in inquiring into the condition of the people, which many years' travelling have brought me, must have given to me an advantage over individuals—appointed as no doubt they all were, by reason of superior endowments,—but still, not practised in the inquiries committed to them: and perhaps I may be permitted to add, that the public may, for this reason, be inclined to put more faith in the report of an individual, to whose similar statements respecting other countries, they are already accustomed. I will now proceed with my task, which I shall accomplish with as much brevity as possible.

I have before me, two sets of queries,—"Queries for the rural districts," and "Queries for parishes in large towns;"—besides a thick *brochure*, entitled, "Instructions given by the Commissioners ap-

pointed to inquire into the State of the Poor of Ireland, to the Assistant Commissioners." I shall first take up the "queries for the rural districts," as being, in my opinion, the most important document. The queries contained in it, have reference to particular districts. My replies to these queries, refer to the whole of Ireland; and are, in truth, a repetition, in a concentrated form, of the facts which are scattered throughout these volumes.

The first three queries, refer to the size of the parishes or barony, respecting which, information is wanted; and to the relative proportions of wood, arable, pasture, waste, and bog.

I do not very well see, how any one but a surveyor could answer these queries. As my answers refer to the whole country, I pass them over.

The fourth query is an important one. It is, "What is the average rent of arable land, and of pasture land in your parish?"

It is impossible to state what is the rent of arable land, distinct from pasture land; because in almost every farm there is both; and the rent is, of course, so much per acre, taking both together. The rent

also depends upon the vicinity of the land to a town: besides, to tell the average rent of land, is to give no real information; because without precise information as to the quality of land, of which no description can convey a just notion, no idea could be formed of the fairness or unfairness of the rent. Rents, I should say, are highest in Leinster, — next highest in Munster, — next in Ulster; and, with some exceptions, lowest in Connaught, where land is generally let, not by the acre, but in the lump. But as the only object of this query must be, to ascertain whether land be fairly or unfairly let, the best answer to it is,—that with few exceptions, the landholders of Ireland cannot pay the rents which are exacted, unless by limiting their diet and their comforts within the bounds prescribed by the absolute necessities of nature; and that, notwithstanding their privations, a large proportion are in arrear. This, I think, sufficiently answers the query.

The fifth query asks, "Are the landed proprietors absentee, or resident?" To this query, another ought to have been added,—Are the *agents* of absentee landlords resident, or absentee? And in

the instructions delivered to the assistant commissioners, they are directed to inquire, and, of course, to report, as to the effects of residence and non-residence.

It must not be imagined, that the people on all absentee estates, are in a worse condition than they are upon those estates where there is a resident landlord. The condition of the peasantry depends *on the circumstances under which the lands are occupied*, much more than upon the residence of proprietors; and I cannot say, that it is generally an easy matter to guess, from the condition of the peasantry on an estate, whether the landlord be absentee or resident. Some of the most comfortable tenantry in Ireland, are found on absentee properties; and some of the most miserable, on estates upon which the proprietor resides: there is no doubt, however, that where a well-disposed, and *unembarrassed* landlord resides, fewer unemployed labourers are found, the condition of the labourer is better, and the retail trade of the most adjacent town is materially benefited.

The next two queries inquire as to the number of labourers in constant employment, and the num-

ber in occasional employment; and, also, ask how they are maintained, when out of employment?

In reply to these queries, I will take upon me to answer, that the great mass of the labouring class, in Ireland, have no constant employment. I should say, that throughout the greater part of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, a large majority of the labouring poor are unable to find constant employment. With the exception of Belfast, and in some few places where public works had created a temporary demand, I found nowhere full employment for the people. As for their means of subsistence, when out of employment, little suffices. If they have not, themselves, a patch of potato land, they, or their wives, beg among the farmers round the country;—relations, who have a little to spare, help them;—and the priest also does something for them.

"What is the ordinary diet, and condition with respect to clothing, of the labouring classes?" is the next query.

The diet of those, who are in employment, consists of a scanty meal, or two, of potatos, with the addition, at times, of a little butter-milk. The

diet of the far greater number, who are not in employment, consists of as many dry potatos as serve just to sustain life. In Ulster, things are rather better: there are fewer of the latter class; and the former have more plentiful meals. As for clothing,—an English beggar would not lift off the ground, the clothes worn by old and young of the lower classes of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. The young can scarcely be said to be clothed at all.

"What," continue the queries, "are the daily wages of labourers, with or without diet?"

Excluding the large towns, such as Belfast, Cork, and Limerick, and the labour employed on the domains of a very few resident noblemen, ten-pence, without diet, are the highest wages ever given for constant employment: nine-pence, and eight-pence is the more usual rate; and, in some places, sixpence is willingly accepted, for constant employment. With diet, sixpence is the usual sum given. The wages of occasional employment vary with the occasion: at seasons of particular demand, one shilling, or more, even, may be given; but, at all other times, any number of labourers may be hired, by the week, at eight-pence, and even lower.

In the instructions delivered to the assistant commissioners, they are desired to inquire whether higher wages are attended by a corresponding increase of comfort? I unhesitatingly reply, that they are! The whole province of Ulster bears me out in this assertion.

The next query inquires, whether women and children are employed in labour?

The labour of women and children is scarcely wanted, where half the male population are unemployed. Women, employed in agricultural labour, are, generally, some part of the family of the landholder.

"What, in the whole," says the next query, "might an *average* labourer, obtaining an *average* amount of employment, both in day work and task work, earn in the year, including harvest work, and the value of all his other advantages and means of living?"

In reply to this important query, I would say, that in a country, where not one-half of the people are in constant employment, it would be unfair to state "the *average* amount of employment" obtained by a labourer throughout the year, to be more than

for one-half of the year: during that half year, his wages cannot be fairly stated at more than 8*d.* for four months; and for the other two months,—seed and harvest times, 1*s.* The hundred and four working days, at 8*d.*, are 3*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*; and the fifty-two days, at 1*s.*, added to this, make 6*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*; which is all the labourer, "obtaining an *average* amount of employment," may earn in a year: and this sum, divided by 365—the number of days which the labourer has to support himself and his family—gives him, per day, not quite FOUR-PENCE! I am quite confident, that if the whole yearly earnings of the labourers of Ireland were divided by the whole number of labourers, the result would be under this sum,—FOUR-PENCE a day for the labourers of Ireland!

But, in order that the force of this conclusion may be fully perceived, I must mention the two queries which follow. The first of them inquires, how much the labourer's wife, and four children, all of an age to work (the eldest not more than sixteen), might earn within the year? And the second query inquires, what would be the expense of food, for an able-bodied labourer, on an average of years?

Now the first of these is a foolish query, and no way alters the conclusion I came to, in answering the former query; for it is obvious, that even supposing employment to be attainable by the wife and children—a thing not at all probable, where the husband has only half employment—the average condition of the labourer would not be bettered. Early marriages and a numerous progeny, are universal. If the labourer has four children able to work, the probability is, that he has at least four younger children to support: the *occasional* labour, and *scanty* remuneration paid for the labour of a child, will certainly not do more than suffice for its own support *throughout the year;* and when we consider the general dearth of employment, and the large families of the Irish peasants, we may fairly conclude, that the labourer has to support his wife, and two children, by his own labour,—which we have seen averages 4*d.* per day.*

With respect to the yearly expense of food,—two stone and a half of potatos—no more than suffice for the daily support of a labourer, his wife, and two children; and taking the average price of potatos at 2*d.* per stone—a very low average,—mere

subsistence cannot be purchased with the whole amount of wages, supposing the whole amount available for subsistence: but rent has to be paid. Formerly the pig was sufficient for this; but the market has so fallen, that something is wanted, besides the pig, to make up the rent. Where no land is attached to the cabin,—the average rent of it being 35*s.*—at least 20*s.* of this sum must be made up from wages; so that the 4*d.* per day suffers a diminution of nearly three farthings. Where a little potato land is attached to the cabin, the value of the potatos may be considered an equivalent for the amount of the rent.

It is next inquired—"Of what class of persons, generally, are the landlords of cottages and cabins?"

In the country, the landlords of cabins are, generally, small farmers, who are quite as hard set to make up their own rent, as their humbler dependents are to pay theirs. In the suburbs of the towns, great land-owners, and often noble lords, are the landlords.

The next query inquires the rent of cabins?

In Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, Kilkenny,

and Tipperary counties, 30*s.* and 40*s.* is the usual rent of a cabin, either altogether without land, or with so inconsiderable a patch, that its value is scarcely any set-off against the rent. In the more western and more northern parts of Ireland, with the same rent, a little potato land generally accompanies the cabin, excepting in the suburbs of the towns.

"Of what description of buildings are those cabins, and how furnished?"

This is the next query; and those who have read these volumes, will not require to read the answer to it. My object, however, is, as I have already said, to condense, in this chapter, the information scattered through the volumes. The only difference between the best and the worst of the mud cabins, is, that some are water-tight, and some are not: air-tight I saw none; with windows, scarcely any; with chimneys,—that is, with a hole in the roof, for the smoke to escape through,—as many, perhaps, with it, as without it. As for furniture—there is no such thing; unless a broken stool or two, and an iron pot, can be called furniture. I should say, that in the greater part of Leinster and

Munster, and in the flat districts of Connaught, bedsteads are far from general; and bed clothing is never sufficient. In the greater part of Ulster, cabins, and their furniture, are considerably superior.

The next query inquires, upon what conditions labourers or cottiers hold their cabins and land; and whether it is usual to require labour in addition to, or in lieu of, rent?

Where labourers or cottiers hold their cabin and patch of ground of a farmer, the rent is generally covenanted to be paid in labour. Eighty days' labour is very usually required, as the rent of a cabin and small patch of land.

The next query refers to the con-acre system; and inquiries as to its prevalence; and as to the highest and the lowest rent paid for con-acre?

In every part of Ireland, with the exception of Ulster, where land is not the only refuge of the poor man, con-acre prevails to a greater or less extent,—to the greatest extent, in those parts which are the most populous. Rent of con-acre varies from 7*l.* up to 12*l.* I have heard of higher rents; but these were rare exceptions. Ten pounds may be stated as the usual rent; and with a favourable

season, this rent can be afforded. The reader will not have forgotten another practice, to which, in my first volume, I have alluded,—that which gives to the cottier, the produce for one year, rent free, of as much land as he is able sufficiently to manure. In reply to the query, whether con-acre crop, be on the average, a remunerating crop? I should answer, that with average seasons, and at the average rent, *it is* a remunerating crop.

The next two queries inquire, as to the number of labourers who leave their dwellings periodically, to obtain employment elsewhere; and what proportion go to England; and whether they be married men; and how their wives and children are supported in their absence?

A precise answer to this query, is impossible. From the west and north-west,—chiefly from the lower parts of Connaught,—multitudes go in search of employment; but the number of those who go to England, is diminishing; while the number of those who seek employment in Leinster, is augmenting with the constantly increasing tillage in Ireland. By far the greater number of the labourers so leaving their homes, are married men;

and in that part of Ireland from which this migration chiefly takes place, cabins have generally a bit of potato land attached to them,—on the produce of which, or of a patch held by con-acre, the wife and children subsist. In Mayo, from the lower part of which many labourers migrate in the season, the wives of the cottiers earn a trifle by the spinning of flax.

The next query requests information as to the number of public-houses, and the prevalence of illicit distillation?

The number of public-houses appears to a stranger, out of all proportion with the extent and population of the district where they are found. This is owing to the faults of the licensing system, by which the expense of the license is regulated by the sum at which the house demanding it, is rated; and thus, the trade is thrown into the worst hands. Illicit distillation prevails universally; and will continue to prevail, until the duty on legalized whiskey be so reduced, that the difference in price between it and the illicit whiskey, will be no compensation for the risk of distilling the latter.

The next query inquires, as to the number of the aged and infirm, and how they are supported?

The number of these is greatest in the towns: the ejected poor seek a livelihood in the towns, and gradually become diseased by privations. Those aged and infirm who are found in the country, are supported, chiefly by their nearest relatives; by the charity of the neighbouring farmers; and by little helps from the clergy of both persuasions.

"What number of persons," says the next query, "subsists by begging? and are alms usually given in provisions or money?"

Few beg in the country, except the wives and children of the infirm, of the diseased, and of the unemployed labourer; or widows, or frail old men. Money is seldom given: a few potatos, or a handful or two of meal, are the usual aids. To the last query, another ought to have been added, inquiring, what description of persons are the usual givers of alms? Much more the farmers, than the landlords; much more those who cannot, than those who can afford the offering. Good resident landlords, give; but these are rare: and the beggar finds readier access to the farm-house than to the hall,—and, I fear, a better reception.

Passing over one or two queries, of little im-

portance, I come to one which inquires, whether any persons are known to have died of actual starvation?

If by starvation be meant, death quickly and immediately, resulting from a total want of food; I should say, that in the country, this rarely happens. The Irish poor, are remarkably kindly affectioned toward each other; and a relation, or even a neighbour, will divide his potato with one who is in want. But if the word starvation be meant to comprehend those cases, in which insufficient subsistence induces disease, predisposes the individual to the attack of epidemics, or accelerates the decay of nature; then I have good reason to believe, that by far the greater number of the Irish poor, die of starvation. In making this statement, however, I include town as well as country; but I shall afterwards return to this query, with reference to towns.

The next important query I come to, is this—"To what extent has the system of throwing small farms into large ones, taken place; and what has become of the dispossessed tenants?

There is a growing disposition on the part of

landlords, to get rid of middle-men,—on whose estates, holdings are generally much sub-divided: and consequently, when the middle-man's lease lapses, small farms are thrown into larger farms, and tenants are necessarily dispossessed. The great land-owners who have adopted this rule, give the dispossessed tenants holdings at a very small—almost a nominal rent, on mountain land: out of which, however, industry may obtain a livelihood: or, in some instances, they offer to pay the expense of the emigration of the dispossessed tenants; but in all cases in which the landlord has not the power or the will so to act, the tenants are turned adrift, penniless and shelterless, and either locate themselves on some neighbouring estate, or swell the pauper population of the nearest town. Consolidation, unless where the landlord has it in his power to provide otherwise for his dispossessed tenantry, is unjust towards the country at large, upon whose charities they are thrown;—cruel towards those who are dispossessed; and impolitic as regards the state. This reply answers in part, the query which follows, respecting the prevalence of middle-men The number of those middle-men

who hold their land on terminable lease, is fast diminishing: and with the exception of those middle-men who are extensive landholders, or those holding on lease for ever,—who are often better men than the head landlord,—the tenants holding under middle-men, are generally in a greatly worse condition than those holding directly under a head landlord.

The next query refers to emigration: and in reply to it, I would assert, that the disposition to emigrate, increases; that all of the lower classes who are able to avail themselves of it, do avail themselves of it; that the persons who emigrate, are chiefly agriculturists—cottiers and small farmers, and Protestants and Catholics indifferently, but chiefly Catholics; and that Canada is their most favourite land of promise.

The last query, which refers to the rural disiricts, is a most important one. "Is the general condition of the poorer classes improved, deteriorated, or stationary, since the peace in the year 1815; and in what respects?" It would have been better if this query had been more comprehensive; and had included in it, the condition of the whole agricultural classes.

I regret to say, that with scarcely an exception—unless those offered by some of the large towns, which have become great points of export,—I am compelled to say, that the agricultural population—farmer and labourer, but particularly the farmer, has deteriorated greatly within the last fifteen years. Rents have generally continued the same; produce has fallen; and farmers have been getting poorer and poorer. As for the agricultural labourers,—a body whose wages do not average four-pence per day, and who live on the verge of starvation,—it is needless to ask, if any improvement has taken place: none certainly in food, either in quantity or quality; nor generally, any in lodging; but I believe I am justified in saying, that some little improvement is visible in female clothing, owing to the low price of cottons.

I have now gone through the queries applicable to the rural districts; and shall next proceed, very briefly, to go over the queries, applicable to town parishes only.

Several of the first queries, refer to the increase of towns in size and population; and to these queries, it may be answered, that almost all the

sea-ports, and all towns commanding a navigation, are advancing in size and population rapidly; and that even the towns deficient in those advantages, are not in general retrograding. Belfast, Limerick, Waterford, Wexford, Tralee, Sligo, Londonderry, Newry, Clonmel, Athlone, Galway, Ballina,—and even the more inland towns of Enniskillen, Armagh, Thurles, and Tipperary, are improving. Cork and Youghall, are not retrograding; and excepting Kilkenny, Cashel, and Bandon, and some of the smaller towns, I know of none that are receding.

The next query inquires respecting the establishment of manufactures?

No manufactures have sprung up in any town in Ireland, excepting Belfast. Unless in the province of Ulster, the linen trade is extinct; and no other manufacture has taken its place. There are scarcely any manufactures in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught.

The next three queries inquire, what are the occupations of the labouring classes; and whether women and children find employment?

The chief employment of the labouring classes in the sea-ports of Leinster, Munster, and Con-

naught, is that afforded by the export trade. To this, in Ulster, manufacture is added. Women, excepting in the linen trade districts, find no remunerating employment.

To the query which asks, "What are the earnings of a labourer and his family in the towns?" I would answer, that in the principal towns,—Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Londonderry, &c.—the able-bodied labourer has full employment nine months in the year, on an average; and at wages which average 6*s.* per week. The average, therefore, would be 4*s.* 6*d.* per week for the twelve months. The rate is not the same, nor employment the same, in all the large towns: in Waterford, there is little more than half employment; while in Belfast there is almost full employment. In the latter town, too, wages are from 7*s.* to 8*s.* per week; in Waterford, not more than 5*s.* Excepting in the manufacturing districts of Ulster, the earnings of women and children can scarcely be reckoned.

The next query inquires, "What is the food of the working classes in the towns?" It differs little from the food of the working classes in the country. More money is spent in the towns in whiskey

drinking; and the only difference in food is, that herrings, and pork offal, form a part of the diet of the lower classes in towns.

It is next asked, "whether any alteration has taken place in the food, lodging, and habitations of these classes in large towns? whether any new source of employment has been opened up to the labouring classes? and whether any change, beneficial or otherwise, has taken place?"

I believe I am justified in replying, that the condition of the labouring and working classes in the large sea-ports, has somewhat improved. I should say this of Limerick, Waterford, Cork, Tralee, Clonmel, Sligo, and some other towns. The new source of employment that has been opened up to the labouring classes, is that arising from the increasing export trade in corn, bacon, provision, and butter; which, although it leaves but a scanty profit to the merchant, is a source of considerable employment to the labouring classes.

The same queries are next asked with respect to the large towns, which I have already answered, respecting the country,—viz. the number of the aged and infirm who cannot work, and how they

are supported? the number of widows and children who have no natural protectors, and how they are supported? and whether any persons are known to have died of actual destitution?

In all the large towns, the number of helpless and diseased paupers, and of aged and infirm women, and destitute children, is fearfully great. They are supported by voluntary alms,—by mendicancy,—and by public societies; but they are supported just on the verge of starvation; and it is the opinion of the medical men of Limerick, Waterford, and other large towns, that at least seventy-five per cent. of the infirm poor die through destitution, — either by the gradual wasting of nature, or by the ravages of epidemics, to which destitution renders them liable. It is a fact worth adding, that the charitable institutions in the large towns, are supported not by the wealthiest persons, or those possessing the chief property in the towns, but by the middle classes.

"How," it is next asked, "are the lodging-houses, which are chiefly frequented by the poor, usually provided as to beds and bedding; and in

what condition are they, as to ventilation and general repair?

The houses of the infirm poor of the towns, are a thousand times more wretched than the worst cabins of Munster and Leinster. The latter have the air around, and the sky above them: the former are hovels, cellars, mere dark dens,—damp, filthy, stagnant, unwholesome places, into which we should not in England put any domestic animal: and as for the inquiry, "how they are usually provided with beds and bedding;" they are not provided with either; a little straw in a corner is the usual substitute for bed and bedstead,—and a ragged mat, the bed clothes. On this head, I beg to refer the reader to my notices of Limerick, near the conclusion of the first volume.

An inquiry next follows, as to the number of pawnbrokers' shops, and the classes of persons with whom their dealings are principally carried on?

Pawnbrokers' shops are exceedingly numerous in all the towns; and by the common practice of pawning articles on Monday morning, and redeeming them on Saturday night, the interest on one

shilling lent and received every week throughout the year, with the expense of the duplicate, amounts to 8*s.* 8*d.* per annum. The classes who deal with the pawnbrokers, are not merely the lowest classes,—labourers and artizans,—but the small farmers also.

Besides these queries, I mentioned that I had also before me, the instructions delivered to the assistant commissioners. In these instructions, I find some things mentioned which are not included in the foregoing queries. Some of the most important I shall name, and annex an answer to them.

The commissioners are required to ascertain if the education of children has tended to improve the moral habits of the parents? The result of my inquiry is, that it has had this effect.

The commissioners are requested to inquire, what circulating or mechanics' libraries are in the towns?

Excepting in Ulster, there are no mechanics' libraries,—nor even circulating libraries,—unless in Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Clonmel, and Enniskillen.

The assistant commissioner is directed to inquire into the existence and effects of loan funds?

I have, in the course of these volumes, several times mentioned the existence of loan societies; and I am warranted in saying, that they have exerted a most beneficial influence on the districts where they have been established.

The assistant commissioner is directed to inquire into the effects produced by the use of ardent spirit?

It is the opinion of all who are best qualified to judge, that much disease, both mental and bodily, originates in the immoderate use of whiskey.

On the subject of early marriages, the assistant commissioners are directed to report; and to inquire whether any provision, in money or furniture, is made against marriage?

Among the lowest classes, marriages are universally early; and so far from any provision being made against marriage, it is no unusual thing to borrow money in order to pay the marriage fee.

The assistant commissioners are directed to inquire, whether, in districts where much misery prevails, the chief burden of relieving the needy is

borne by the occupiers of the soil, or by the proprietors of it?

I think I have already sufficiently answered this inquiry. A very large proportion of the burden is borne by the land occupiers of Ireland.

Inquiry is also directed to be made, whether those who have been dispossessed, and who have taken shelter on bog or mountain, have cultivated the waste on which they have settled?

Those who have been located on mountain land belonging to the landlord by whom they have been dispossessed, and who hold their possession at a low rent, generally proceed diligently in the cultivation of their possession. Those who have merely "taken shelter," and who have no security for their possession, have done little towards improving it.

The assistant commissioners are desired to ascertain the cause of the excessive litigation which prevails in Ireland?

The chief causes, I take to be, poverty; an inherent defect of character; and competition for land:—poverty, which disables men from fulfilling their engagements; a defect of character, which

renders them indifferent to the propriety of fulfilling them; and competition for land, which renders the possession of every rood, a matter involving life and death.

The chief causes of assault, which the commissioners are also directed to ascertain, I conceive to arise from disputed possession; disputed boundary; trespass of cattle; distraining for rent; and grudge against successful bidders in the land market: all which, may in like manner, be resolved into competition for land, and poverty—or want of employment, which is the cause of both.

Inquiry is directed to be made into the efficiency of mendicity societies, as a provision for the poor?

They afford no adequate provision for the poor; none whatever, for the infirm and bedridden; and they are not supported in any degree, by the individuals who contribute to swell the pauper list, nor by those within the towns, who can best afford to relieve the needy. I conceive too, that the virulence of epidemics, is greatly increased by the manner in which the poor on the list of the Mendicity Society are fed. The Mendicity cart, which goes through the town, is filled with offals of the

most heterogeneous kind,—fish, meat, bones, soup, and vegetables of all sorts, and much that composes this mess is sour, and unfit for human food.

I shall mention only one other instruction. The commissioner is directed to inquire into the effect produced on the state of the labouring class, by any temporary increase of wages and employment, arising from a public work; whether it tends to increase the price of labour, by drawing labour from distant places; and what is found to be the effect produced on the labourers of the place, where the work has been carried on?

I have always found less complaint, and less destitution among the lower classes, in a place where a public work is actually carried on—be it of what description it may. It does not generally attract much labour from a distance, or materially raise the price of labour: it only employs the unemployed, at the usual rate. The state of the labouring classes, when the work is completed, depends upon the nature of the work. If it be a work not tending to the production of capital—such as a gaol, or a barrack, then the condition of the labourers is the same when it is finished, as before

it began; but if the public works were of a nature calculated to promote either agricultural or commercial activity—such as roads, canals, docks, &c., then, I conceive, the improved condition of the labouring classes would be progressive.

Upon the foregoing facts, I beg humbly to submit, to all who incline to read it, the following brief

REPORT.

I, Henry David Inglis, acting under no superior orders; holding no government commission; with no end to serve, and no party to please; hoping for no patronage, and fearing no censure; and with no view, other than the establishment of truth; having just completed a journey throughout Ireland, and having minutely examined, and inquired into, the condition of the people of that country, do humbly REPORT, that the destitute, infirm, and aged, form a large body of the population of the cities, towns, and villages of Ireland: that in the judgment of those, best qualified to know the truth, three-fourth parts of their number die through the effects of

destitution, either by the decay of nature, accelerated, or through disease induced, by scanty, and unwholesome food,—or else by the attack of epidemics, rendered more fatal from the same causes.* That the present condition of this large class, is shocking for humanity to contemplate, and beyond the efforts of private beneficence to relieve; and is a reproach to any civilized, and christian country. That the individuals, whose charity prolongs for a little, the existence of these miserable objects of their compassion, are not the individuals throughout the country, whose improvidence, harshness, sordidness, and neglect, have contributed to swell the mass of pauperism,—nor those who possess the chief property in the towns,—nor those who are the best able to help the indigent: and that, in these circumstances, it becomes an imperative, and a sacred duty,—alike urgent by the demands of humanity, and the requirements of religion, to provide by legislative enactment, for the support, on equitable principles, of the aged, impotent, and infirm poor of Ireland.

That the condition of the agricultural labourers throughout Ireland, is scarcely less deplorable than

that of the class to which I have just alluded. That the supply of labour incalculably exceeds the demand for it: that but a very small proportion of this class, are able to find constant employment; that a large proportion are unemployed during one half of the whole year: that the wages of labour, even to those who are fully employed, do not afford the means of healthy subsistence: that almost the whole of this class live on the very verge of starvation; and that thereby, hourly additions are made to the ranks of impotent pauperism: that neither the power nor the will of private individuals to give employment, is able in any degree to arrest this progress, or change this condition: that an unemployed population is dangerous to the peace of a state; and that the power of restless or wicked men to inflame the passions of the people, is derived solely from the condition in which that people are placed: that the disorders of Ireland are not owing to Popery, since in those districts where the people find employment, Catholic and Protestant are alike comfortable; while in those where the people are unemployed, Protestant and Catholic are alike miserable: that the disorders of Ireland are not in any great degree the

result of absenteeism; since, with few exceptions, it is impossible to guess, by the condition of the peasantry, whether the landlord be resident or absent. That absenteeism, in so far as it is an evil, is but a result of more important causes of evil: that the real and only true source of the disorders of Ireland, is want of employment: for although the disturbed state of the country acts injuriously upon the investment of capital, and upon residence, this is itself but a result of want of employment for the people: and although the rack-rents of Ireland produce incalculable misery, these originate also in want of employment,—the only cause of that competition for land, which places the power of oppression in the hands of its owners. That millions of acres in Ireland, are reclaimable by the agency of those very materials in which Ireland the most abounds—human labour, and limestone;—that since such is the condition of the labouring classes of Ireland, and such the means of improving that condition, it is the duty of government to encourage the cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of husbandry, by such extensive public works, as will facilitate this end, and as will, in the meanwhile,

give employment to the people; and, that in the event of the landowners of Ireland neglecting or delaying to take advantage of these facilities, by reason of want of enterprise or want of capital, it will then become the duty of the state, to take upon itself the right of operating upon the reclaimable wastes of Ireland—fair compensation being given—and to colonize these wastes, for the benefit of the people.

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey to Dublin — Trinity College — Visit to Maynooth College—Course of Study pursued at Maynooth—Occupations of the Students, and Mode of Life—Backslidings and Admissions—The Priest of Maynooth, and the Priest of the Olden Time—The present Priesthood, and present Spirit of Catholicism in Ireland—Expenses of Maynooth—The Parliamentary Grant—Carton, the Seat of the Duke of Leinster—A Parting Word to the Reader.

Of my journey to Dublin, I have but slender notices for the reader. I already mentioned, that indisposition compelled me to pass rapidly over the ground; and I have the less to regret in this, since the towns and country on this great coast road to Dublin, are so much better known than every other part of Ireland. I did not, however, shut my eyes by the way; and shall not, therefore, at once transport the reader to Dublin.

Scarcely has the traveller crossed the bridge of Newry, when he finds himself among a different

people; and he will not have journeyed many miles from the boundary line of the province of Ulster, before he recognizes the genuine Irish cabin by the way side, and perceives that he has left behind him, all the characteristics of the north. Dundalk is a short interruption to the spectacle of poverty, which all through the county of Louth stares one in the face. It is a respectable looking town, and probably owes its advantages to the character of the great neighbouring proprietor—Lord Roden.

The only other town of any consequence, between Newry and Dublin, is Drogheda, which in its interior, is a handsome town, containing good streets and excellent houses; but which owns as miserable a suburb, as any town in Ireland. Rows of the most wretched mud cabins, extend at least a mile from the town; and in the filth which surrounds them, and in the ragged appearance of the inmates, exhibit as many proofs of wretched condition, as are to be found in almost any town of Leinster, Munster, or Connaught. Drogheda contains about 18,000 inhabitants; a very small number of whom, are Protestants. I reached Dublin on the evening of the same day

on which I left Newry, after a journey through Ireland, somewhat exceeding two thousand miles, and having visited, and for the most part traversed, every county, with three exceptions.

Descriptions of public buildings do not fall in with my plan; and indeed this is not an art in which I am skilful. The public buildings of Dublin are celebrated for their architectural beauty; and the Bank of Ireland, the Custom-house, the Four Courts, and Trinity College, are each deserving of a separate notice. The last, however, is the only one of the four, to which I made more visits than one. This great seminary of learning, the worthy rival of the English universities, and in usefulness and liberality, far surpassiag them, is an object of just pride to the Irish nation. But Trinity College is not perfect, any more than the universities of the sister kingdom; and like other venerable, and venerated institutions, is susceptible of amendment. There ought to be no pluralities, and no sinecures. The acceptance of a professorship, ought to vacate a fellowship; and the duties of all professorships, ought to be rigidly exacted. In some minor matters too, changes might be

beneficial. Scholarships, which are now given exclusively to classical knowledge, ought to be also open to science; and fellowships ought not to be, as they now virtually are, the reward of science solely.

I visited Maynooth, before I left Dublin, in spring; and when I returned to the capital, in the latter end of the autumn, I repeated my visit to the college.

The road from Dublin to Maynooth, is an extremely interesting one: but there are two roads; I speak, however, of the low road, which skirts the left bank of the Liffey. All the way to Leixlip, the softest, and richest scenery, lies along both banks of the river, which glides, a clear and rapid stream, even at a very short distance from the metropolis. Here are the strawberry banks, and here, the tea-drinking cottages, that attract the citizens of Dublin during the strawberry season; and I know few cities, whose environs offer greater inducements for recreation, than the Irish capital. The people of Dublin, however, are a pleasure-seeking people; and need few inducements to force them from the desk and the counter. The situation

of Leixlip is very attractive: and I venture to predict, that whoever halts to breakfast at Mrs. Collings' inn, a quarter of a mile beyond Leixlip, will certainly order dinner to await his return, unless he has predetermined to accept the hospitalities of the college.

The town of Maynooth has nothing to recommend it: and is only remarkable, as being the site of the celebrated Catholic college; which was, of course, the object of my visit. The college is an extensive building, and presents a rather imposing front; and is separated from the town, by a large open area railed off, and kept in excellent order. Provided with a satisfactory letter to the then vice-president of the college, Mr. Montague, I, of course, found a courteous reception; and much apparent willingness to communicate every information. When I visited Maynooth, the number of students somewhat exceeded four hundred. They are admitted at an early age; and when first received into the college, must possess some knowledge of Latin. The course of study at Maynooth is arduous, and—as laid down in the report of the commissioners on education,

very extensive. I was shewn this report, in answer to my interrogatories as to the course of education; and, I confess, I was greatly surprised to find it so varied and so liberal. But upon a little farther questioning, I learned that this course is not adhered to; and, that only as much of it is followed, *as can be accomplished;*—these were the words used,—from which I infer that the course of instruction is entirely optional with, and varies at the pleasure of, the heads of the college; and that whoever forms any opinion of the course of education pursued at Maynooth, from what he has read in the report of the education commissioners, will fall into grievous error.

I will now present the detail, as furnished to me, of the manner in which the students spend their time. During the six months which follow Easter, the students rise at five o'clock; and during the remaining six months, at six. The first hour after rising, is allotted to morning prayer and meditation. Then follow two hours of study; and to these, mass succeeds. One hour is then allowed for breakfast, and recreation; about one half of which, or less, is occupied with breakfast. One hour's study follows

this; and then, a lecture, or class, as it is called, which occupies another hour; half an hour's recreation is then permitted; two hours of study follow; and then, one hour's lecture. It is now three o'clock, which is the hour of dinner; and two hours are allowed for dinner, and recreation,—and on Wednesdays and Saturdays, three hours. From five o'clock, to a quarter before seven, is allotted to study; and then follows a quarter of an hour of recreation; from seven till eight, is occupied with a lecture; and supper then succeeds; for which, and recreation, an hour is allowed. Prayers and meditation, occupy the hour from nine to ten; and at ten, all retire to bed. At that hour, an individual goes round the college, and visits every dormitory; *benedicamus Domine*, he says, and all must then be quiet. No conversation is allowed during breakfast and dinner. Some individual is appointed to read aloud: sometimes it is history that is read; sometimes the lives of saints; but I have reason to think that the latter, is the usual kind of reading. From the moment of meeting at supper, until meeting again at breakfast, there is total silence; in order, as I was told, that meditation might have its

due effect. By study, is meant preparation for lectures; and students may either study in their own rooms, or in the library; but they are not permitted, as at Carlow, to study in the open air. In the library, which I visited, all the books are open, and there is, apparently, free access to them: the books are chiefly—theology, sacred biography, philosophy, history, and some few travels. I glanced over the shelves with some attention, and saw no work improper, by its levity, or character, for the perusal of a minister of religion; and yet I was informed, that a strict watch is kept on the studies of the students; and *that it is soon discovered if their studies be improper !!* Now what is the inference to be necessarily drawn from this admission? what are the studies that require so much watching? what are considered the improper studies?—no fictions are there; nor profane poetry; nor the lucubrations of free-thinkers. I saw only the standard histories, and most unexceptionable works of Christian philosophers; from which then, it necessarily follows, that history, philosophy, and discovery,—that all books not strictly theological,—all, in short, by which the mind can be informed and enlarged, are

considered to be "*improper studies.*" As respects the precise nature of the studies and lectures, I could obtain no accurate information. I have already said, that in answer to my inquiry, I was shewn the printed course contained in the commissioners' report; but that this imposing enumeration of studies was afterwards admitted to be an enumeration, and nothing more; and coupling this, with the kind of reading alone permitted in the library,—amounting nearly to a prohibition of all but theological studies; we are, perhaps, entitled to conclude, that the lectures are also, almost exclusively, directed towards the maintenance of the Roman Catholic faith. To the graver inquiries respecting Maynooth, I shall again return; but I have something yet to add, respecting the habits and occupations of the students.

The table appears to be plentifully and wholesomely supplied to the students. Breakfast consists of cocoa, with bread, but no butter. For dinner, meat is allowed every day but Friday; and cocoa again forms the supper. Too great sameness in diet is decidedly injurious; the body, in order to preserve its health, requires variety, as well the

mind. On the meagre days, eggs, bread and butter, pie or pudding, constitute the fare.

The students are allowed, if they desire it, two months' leave of absence during the summer. I inquired if it ever, or often happened, that youths changed their views—acquiring during their absence a relish for the world,—or, perhaps, becoming disinclined to a life of celibacy? and it was candidly enough admitted that this happened every summer; and that during the present year's vacation, five or six had withdrawn from the noviciate. The reason usually given for this step by such individuals is, that they find "Providence has not destined them for the life." I was also told that, when the college was first instituted, backsliding was of very frequent occurrence; and the reason for this, assigned by my informant was, that there were then a greater number of individuals candidates for the priesthood, who had, in a worldly sense, better prospects. The reason assigned, is no doubt a very correct one. The Catholic students of Maynooth, now with few exceptions belonging to the lower classes of Catholic landholders, have been accustomed to regard the parish priest as a being almost of

another nature, and with no prospect of independence as a cultivator of the land, he has nothing to tempt him from the course which he knows will place him in a higher sphere than all around him; and perhaps even transfer to himself, the respect which he, and all his parish, had been accustomed to pay to another.

I made free to repeat to the vice-president, an opinion I had very often heard expressed; and, indeed, I may say, very generally held, among the Protestants of Ireland,—that since the institution of Maynooth, the Catholic priesthood had deteriorated; and that a priest educated at Maynooth, might be at once distinguished from the priest of former days, by his less amenity of manners, and less liberal sentiments,—the result of a more exclusive, more severe, and more contracted system of education pursued at Maynooth. I need scarcely say, that these were not admitted to be facts; and as I could at that time speak only from hearsay, I was fairly enough, requested to judge for myself, in the course of the journey which I was about to make. But my assertion, or rather, my repetition of the assertions of others, was also met by some counter-

statements. I was told, that France and Spain were not, in past days, countries where liberal sentiments were likely to be imbibed; I was told, that the opportunity of mixing with the world two months in every year, is a great advantage to the student of Maynooth; and I was told also, that the education at Maynooth, is greatly superior to that formerly acquired by the candidates for the priesthood, who travelled into foreign countries; and who, not being able to pay the expenses of a thorough education, got themselves ordained, and supported themselves by saying masses.

It may be very true, that liberal sentiments of a certain description, were not likely to be gathered on the Continent, thirty or forty years ago. But surely, that species of liberality, which may perhaps more properly be called charity; and that knowledge of the world and mankind, which is requisite towards the understanding of one's self,—are, and must always have been, more likely to be acquired by a residence in a foreign country,—by mixing with persons of all nations,—by the yielding of tastes and habits, consequent on a residence abroad —by the knowledge, imperceptibly gained, by

merely keeping the eyes open in a foreign country—and even by the mere journeying to and fro,—than by returning from the seclusion of Maynooth two months in the year, to the farm-house, and remote parish, where the only change likely to be wrought in the embryo priest, is an increase of self-sufficiency. But I obeyed the request which was made to me; and in the journey which I subsequently took, I had ample opportunity of forming comparisons between the priest of the olden times, and the priest of Maynooth: and, with every disposition to deal fairly by both, I did return to Dublin with a perfect conviction of the justice of the opinion which I had heard expressed. I found the old foreign educated priest, a gentleman; a man of frank, easy deportment, and good general information; but by no means, in general, so good a Catholic, as his brother of Maynooth: *he*, I found, either a coarse, vulgar-minded man, — or a stiff, close, and very conceited man; but in every instance, Popish to the back-bone: learned, I dare say, in theology; but profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind: a hot zealot in religion; and fully impressed with, or professing to be im-

pressed with, a sense of his consequence and influence. I need not surely say, that I found exceptions; that I found some, whom the monkish austerities, and narrow education of Maynooth, had left unscathed; and that I found very many,—I might say, the greater proportion,—who, notwithstanding the defects of education which clove to them, were charitable and heedful of the poor; and who grudged no privations in the exercise of their religious duties. This latter trait is indeed universal among the Popish priesthood; and it would be well, if the zeal of the Protestant clergy approached, even in a very remote degree, to that of their Catholic brethren.

I entertain no doubt, that the disorders which originate in hatred of Protestantism, have been increased by the Maynooth education of the Catholic priesthood. It is the Maynooth priest, who is the agitating priest: and if the foreign educated parish priest chance to be a more liberal-minded man, less a zealot, and less a hater of Protestantism, than is consistent with the present spirit of Catholicism in Ireland,—straightway an assistant, red hot from Maynooth, is appointed to the parish; and in

fact, the old priest is virtually displaced. In no country in Europe,—no, not even in Spain,—is the spirit of Popery so intensely anti-Protestant, as in Ireland. In no country is there more bigotry and superstition among the lower orders, or more blind obedience to the priesthood; in no country is there so much zeal and intolerance among the ministers of religion. I do believe, that at this moment, Catholic Ireland is more ripe for the re-establishment of the inquisition, than any other country in Europe. But I have been led into a long digression, though I trust not an ill-timed one; and have yet some brief notices to add of Maynooth.

The nominal expenses of a student at Maynooth, are twenty guineas stipend for the first year, with eight guineas entrance-money. The stipend of twenty guineas, pays for commons, lodging, and instruction: nominally, a payment of twenty guineas is required yearly: but in point of fact, these stipends are not exacted,—sometimes not at all; and very rarely a continuance of them beyond the first year, from the poorer students. This is of course, optional with the heads of the college,

who will certainly not permit the priesthood to lose a promising member, owing to the difficulty of paying the stipend. It is evident, however, that the expenses of an education at Maynooth, form no obstacle to the pretensions of the lower orders. An Irish land-owner, be he rack-rented ever so much, will contrive to scrape together 20*l.* or 30*l.*, in order that his son may be a priest: he will starve himself and his family, to accomplish this: he will work late and early, and run in arrear with his landlord. This is the great object of ambition; and is accomplished at any sacrifice. The reader knows, that the revenues of this establishment arise from private donations, from legacies, and a large Parliamentary grant,—the wisdom of which, has been often called in question. It is certain, however, that the withdrawal of the Parliamentary grant, would not lead to the destruction of the college. No one who knows anything of Catholicism in Ireland, and who sees in every town, magnificent Catholic chapels, newly erected, or in the course of erection, can suppose that funds would be wanting for the maintenance of Maynooth; and being then, as it would be, wholly

dissevered from its connexion with the government, it is probable, that the system of education pursued in it, would be even more objectionable than it now is.

Everything within the college is plain, excepting the chapel, which is ornamented, as Catholic chapels are, everywhere else. The dormitories of the students, are precisely the same as those in the convents abroad. Each has a small window, a table, a chair, a little bedstead, a mattress, and a crucifix. No fires are allowed in the students' apartments; but in the great hall, there are fires during the winter.

There is a large area for play-ground at Maynooth; but I did not see many taking advantage of it. The students did not, in general, look like individuals fond of play.

All strangers, I believe, are courteously received at Maynooth, and permitted to see the building: unless, however, the stranger be provided with such an introduction, as gives him a right to be inquisitive—I will not say impertinent—he will learn little. The information which I received, would certainly not have been tendered: I will not say

it was given grudgingly; but it was sought for. I did not remain to dine with the professors, though much pressed to do so; for I wished to devote an hour or two to Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster; and I was, besides, engaged to dine at a late hour, with a church dignitary in Dublin.

Carton, the principal seat of the Duke of Leinster, lies about a mile from Maynooth; and both in its extent and decorations, is worthy of being the residence of Ireland's only Duke. The park scenery is not striking, for the country is too level to afford much diversity; but it is of noble extent; and in the happy disposition of its wood,—both clumps and single trees,—is not surpassed by any park in Ireland. Attention has also been paid to the effects of colour, in the grouping of the foliage—a thing not sufficiently attended to in general; and which, indeed, I never saw in perfection, excepting at the seat of Mr. Baron Anker, at Bokstad, near Christiania: there, the grouping of the trees has been made, with reference chiefly to their autumnal tints, which, however, is easier managed in Norway than in England or Ireland; because in Norway, the frosts which come early,—

sometimes so early as August,—change in a single night the hue of the woods, while they are yet in the full livery of summer: whereas in our latitudes, the high winds of September strip the trees of their leaves before the frosts arrive; and when they do come, there is not the same breadth of foliage to be coloured, as in Norway. But, to return to Carton. The beauty of the park is greatly increased, by a stream which traverses it, and to which art has given almost the attractions of river scenery. More than one architectural embellishment also, adorns the park, and a prospect tower has been erected on the most elevated spot within the domain.

The exterior of the house is greatly inferior in architectural beauty to many I had seen in Ireland. One would say no more of it, than that it is a large handsome edifice. The interior deserves higher praise. Money and taste have done for it, all that this most powerful of unions can accomplish; and the lover of the arts will find many objects to arrest his attention, and many charming subjects for contemplation.

My second residence in Dublin, was a short one.

Heat, dust, cholera, and fashion, had long ago driven almost all my hospitable friends from the capital. Heat, dust, and cholera, were past; but fashion still forbade their presence in town: some, were in England; many on the Continent; and a few, rusticating in the country,—carrying with them, no doubt, the splendours and luxuries of their town houses, to county Wicklow, Kildare, or Meath,—to return to Dublin, as ignorant of the real condition of the people of Ireland, as though they and the people of Ireland were in no way connected with each other. My Dublin friends will excuse me. I would say the same to them, were they present. I entertain the most grateful recollection of their kindness and overflowing hospitality; but I must not compliment them on their knowledge of Ireland. I have not forgotten the assertion — uncontradicted, nay, supported, by twelve or fifteen members of the aristocracy, assembled round a table,—that every man in the counties Kilkenny and Tipperary, could obtain employment, if he did not prefer being idle. The state of my health did not permit me to make a run into the aforesaid counties, just to remind

my friends of what they had told me; and in my turn, to tell a little of what I myself knew.

I now take leave of the reader, with one word of explanation. I have not studied to make this an agreeable book, so much as a useful book. It has neither the romantic incident, which, *malgré moi*, diversifies my work on Spain, nor the scenic sketches which I have introduced into my books on the Tyrol, or on Norway. This is not because I could not find romance to amuse the reader with, or scenery to describe to him; it is I trust, for a better reason. Irish legends, Irish novels, we have in abundance. Irish character, condition, and manners, have been presented to us in the many agreeable forms of fiction: but it is not romance, or caricature, nor even the most beautiful union of truth and fiction, that we want. I could have diversified my pages with legends; and I could, perhaps, have made my readers oftentimes merry, by narrating the curious and witty eccentricities of Irish character. But why jest, when occupied with so grave a subject? why endeavour to amuse, when I desire to interest? why raise a smile, when I would rather induce meditation, and

serious thought? God knows, there is little real cause for jocularity, in treating of the condition of a starving people. We have been amused by fiction long enough; I aspire in these volumes, to be the narrator of truth.

THE END.

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